

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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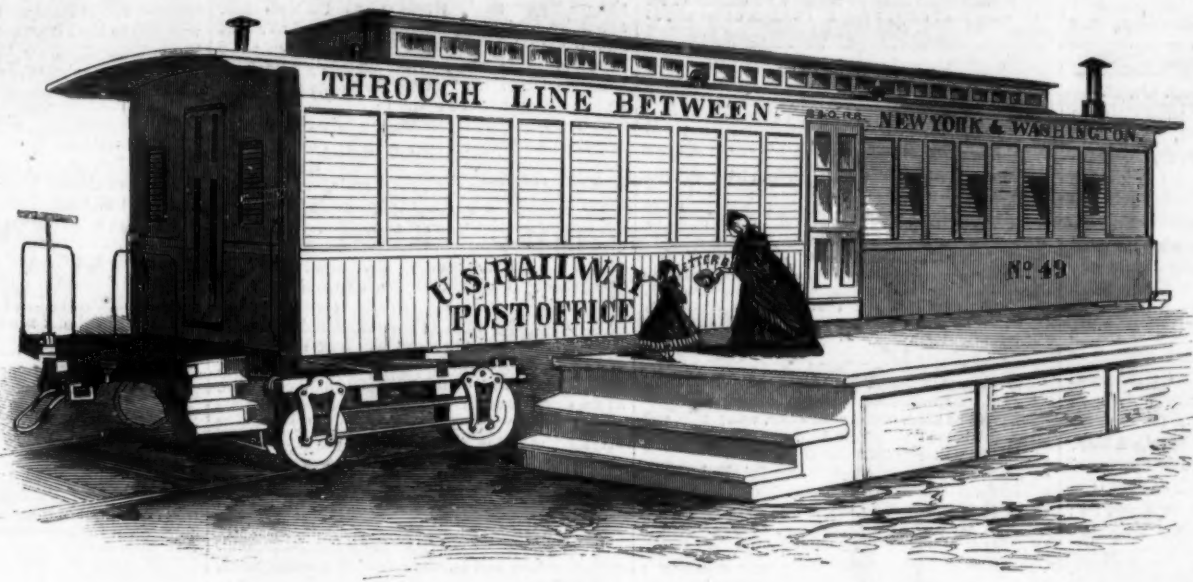
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

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Sheridan's Splendid Victories.

The War Goes Bravely On.

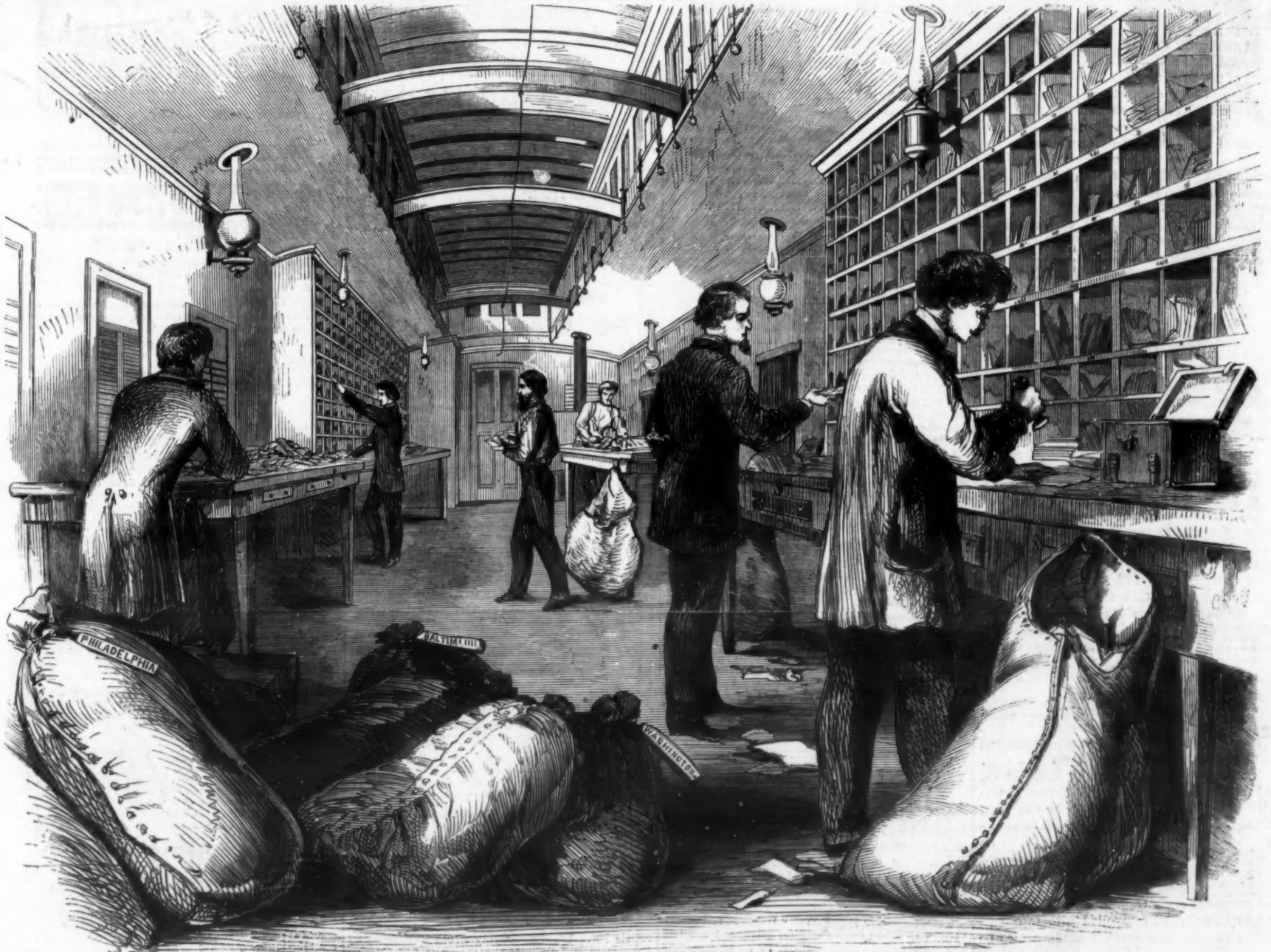
GEN. SHERIDAN'S late brilliant success over the rebel Gen. Early, near Winchester, in the famous Shenandoah valley, was a blow for the Union which staggered alike the ruling rebel conspirators at Richmond and the gold gamblers of Wall street. They had still, however, the hope that Early, with the bulk of his army his artillery and provision trains, might possibly escape, until the news came sparkling over the wires of his second and more disastrous defeat at Fisher's hill, some 20 miles up the valley from Winchester, when, if we



THE NEW UNITED STATES RAILWAY POST OFFICE—EXTERIOR, SHOWING BOX FOR DROP LETTERS.—SEE PAGE 39.

may judge from the effect upon the gold gamblers of New York, there must have been a sensation resulting in a general packing up of movables in the rebel capital.

We need not here repeat the details of these brilliant operations of Gen. Sheridan, nor the losses involved to the rebel army in men, artillery, small arms and all the materiel of war. Our present purpose will be answered in a few passing observations upon the value of these great victories in reference to the crowning object of all the combinations and movements of Gen. Grant's armies—the capture of Richmond. The army of Gen. Early, while it remained intact and



THE NEW UNITED STATES RAILWAY POST OFFICE—VIEW OF THE INTERIOR, SHOWING THE SORTING OF THE LETTERS ON THE WAY.

defiant in the Shenandoah valley, served these purposes to Gen. Lee: It menaced the Maryland and Pennsylvania border and the rear of Washington; it detached from Gen. Grant's principal army a large force to watch the movements of Early; it held the Shenandoah valley and its supplies for the uses of Lee's forces around Richmond; it protected that city on the north side, and Lynchburg on the west, the most important depot of supplies now remaining to Lee; while in holding the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, Early materially interfered with the transportation of supplies and reinforcements to Gen. Grant from the West. Now, with the overthrow and dispersion of Early's veteran fighting and defiant "Stonewall" corps, we of the Union side recover the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, the absolute possession of the Shenandoah valley, all the gaps and passes in the Blue Ridge chain of mountains leading to the north side of Richmond, and an open way up the valley to Lexington, and across the mountains from that place to Lynchburg. The rear of Washington and the Maryland and Pennsylvania border are relieved, and Sheridan now, with 30,000 men or more, is free to move in any direction in carrying out the well-considered and sagacious combinations of Gen. Grant.

The alternative which is thus presented to Gen. Lee is the sending out another army to take the place of that of Early in the Shenandoah valley; or a desperate effort to dislodge Gen. Grant from the Weldon railroad; or immediate measures for the evacuation of Richmond. Which of these alternatives is Lee most likely to adopt? He cannot replace the army of Early without so weakening his lines as to risk the loss of Petersburg and Richmond; he cannot venture upon an assault of the Union works on the Weldon road without hazarding the loss of his army in addition to the loss of Richmond; so that his only alternative of safety for his army is manifestly a timely evacuation. We still adhere to our original idea, that when driven to the wall, and in danger of a complete isolation from his lines of supplies, Lee will abandon Richmond to save his army; and we predict that he will retreat to Lynchburg, in order to maintain a footing upon the "sacred soil" of Virginia as long as possible; unless by stern necessity he shall be compelled to move down into North Carolina, in view of a junction with the Georgia army of Hood.

At all events, Gen. Sheridan has so far simplified the work of the campaign as against Richmond, that no intelligent observer of the events of the war can doubt for a moment that the game is now completely in the hands of Gen. Grant. Nor shall we be surprised if the crowning triumph of the war shall be the next bulletin of victory from Secretary Stanton.

We await in absolute confidence the further development of Gen. Grant's strategy and tactics. Meantime a passing glance at our military operations in the Shenandoah valley since the beginning of the war will show how great has been their influence heretofore in favor of the enemy at Richmond. In the summer of 1861, Gen. Patterson, with a column of 25,000 men, was assigned the duty in the Shenandoah valley of giving employment to the rebel Joe Johnston and his 15,000 men, while Gen. McDowell moved upon Beauregard on the other side of the Blue Ridge at Manassas. But Johnston contrived to slip away from Patterson and the valley, and to join Beauregard in time to turn a Union victory into the disastrous defeat of the first Bull run. In March, 1862, a portion of the army of Gen. Banks, commanded by Gen. Shields, handsomely defeated Stonewall Jackson near Winchester, who was then pursued up the valley a hundred miles and driven out. But in May, strongly reinforced, Jackson returned, and routing the forces of Gen. Banks from Strasburg, Front Royal and Winchester, pursued him in a running fight to the Potomac river. Banks, McDowell and Fremont, each with a strong force, were then advanced from different directions against Jackson. He was intercepted at Strasburg by Fremont, dislodged from Fisher's Hill, driven up the valley to Cross Keys, near Port Republic, and defeated there in a fierce battle and driven out of the valley. Next, while our various army detachments were hunting him up, he, having been again strongly reinforced, gave them again the slip, and with his massive column of 40,000 men dashed down upon the extreme right of Gen. McClellan on the Chickahominy, broke it up, and thus inaugurated those terrible and disastrous seven days' battles which ended in transferring the war from Richmond to Washington.

Again, in September 1862, while McClellan was moving against Gen. Lee's main army in Maryland, Stonewall Jackson, with his 40,000 men, pounced upon Gen. Miles and his 12,000 at Harper's Ferry, compelled him to a surrender of his whole force, including also 60 pieces of artillery and an immense amount of military stores. Thus was Lee's army in Maryland by these timely supplies saved from destruction. In 1863 the Stonewall corps, turned over to Ewell at Jackson's death, dashed over

into the Shenandoah valley, and routing Milroy from Winchester, captured their ammunition, artillery and supplies of all kinds, without which Lee's defeat at Gettysburg would again have involved the destruction of his army. In 1864 the misfortunes of Sigel and Hunter in the Shenandoah valley not only retarded the direct operations of Gen. Grant against Richmond, but brought down Gen. Early upon his late destructive raid into Pennsylvania and Maryland, and to the very gates of Washington.

To Gen. Sheridan, under Gen. Grant's admirable arrangements, belongs the honor of retrieving all these misfortunes, and of making his campaign in the Shenandoah valley as decisive against Richmond as all our preceding operations in that quarter had resulted to the security of Jeff Davis in his chosen capital. Now he is doomed, and the end draws nigh.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA—SHERIDAN'S ARMY.

On Sunday, Sept. 18th, the rebels under McCausland and Johnson, advanced from Bunker hill, and attacked Averill at Martinsburg. The latter, after a spirited resistance, fell back to Hainesville, a short distance from Falling Waters, on the Virginia side of the river, where he took a position.

During Sunday night Averill received reinforcements, and the next morning advanced against the rebels and drove them back to Bunker hill and reoccupied Martinsburg.

Gen. Sheridan attacked the army of Early on Monday morning, Sept. 19, at the Berryville pike crossing of Opequan creek, and the battle raged with great fierceness until five o'clock in the

evening, when the rebels, after having kept up throughout the entire day the most stubborn resistance and fought with the greatest determination, were forced to give way, under complete defeat, which soon became a perfect rout, and they were driven through and beyond Winchester, only the darkness of night causing a cessation of the pursuit. The results of this magnificent victory of Sheridan's, as far as yet ascertained, are a loss to the rebels of five general officers and 2,000 men killed, three general officers and 3,000 men wounded, 5,000 prisoners, 15 battle flags and five pieces of artillery. The rebel generals killed were Rhodes, Gordon, Wharton, Ramseur and Imboden. Our losses are not yet fully ascertained, but are estimated at 2,000. We had Gen. Russell, commanding a division in the 6th corps, killed, and Gens. Upton, McIntosh and Chapman wounded. All of the enemy's dead and wounded fall into the hands of our army.

Sheridan did not stop to rest, but pushed his cavalry in hot pursuit, and followed in force. On Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 20, he crossed Cedar creek, 30 miles from the battlefield.

A portion of the rebel cavalry which turned off to Front Royal were pursued, attacked and routed.

On the 22d the rebels were found posted in an almost impregnable position, at Fisher's hill, about three miles beyond Strasburg, and at about four o'clock in the evening the attack on their lines was made, Gen. Crook furiously attacking them on their left, resting on North mountain, and the 6th and 19th corps in front. Crook carried everything before him, his men driving the rebels in confusion and sweeping down behind their breastworks. The attack of the 6th and 19th corps was equally effective and Gen. Sheridan says the whole rebel army appeared to be broken up, fleeing in the utmost confusion. Our army captured 16 pieces of artillery and a great many caissons, artillery horses, &c. Gen. Sheridan was pushing on up the valley so rapidly that he was unable to tell his own or the rebel losses, or to state the number of prisoners he had captured. He says: "Only darkness has saved the whole of Early's army from total destruction." The 1st and 3d cavalry divisions were sent on the same day through the Luray valley; Early's command embraced the famous "Stonewall brigade" and the troops constituting Stonewall Jackson's old corps, and was the elite of the rebel army. What is left of Early's army has abandoned the road to Staunton, and is retreating in disorder, as rapidly as possible, by way of Culpeper and Gordonsville, directly for Richmond. The route to Lynchburg is thus unobstructed, and Lee can spare no troops from Richmond to send thither to oppose the victorious and indomitable soldiers of Sheridan. At the last accounts Sheridan was at Woodstock on Friday.

The Richmond Examiner confirms the report which we recently received from Washington, that Mosby, the notorious guerrilla, was wounded in one of his forays. He was wounded in the thigh, on the 14th inst.; but the rebel paper says he expected to be in the field again in a week or two.

GRANT'S ARMY.

In spite of the pursuit of our cavalry, the rebel raiders succeeded in driving the whole of the captured cattle safely within their lines.

A brisk cannonade was kept up on Petersburg on the 19th and 20th.

The arrangements for the exchange of prisoners at Fortress Monroe appear to be working more favorably at present than they did formerly. Over 1,000 rebel prisoners from Fort Delaware were sent up the James river on Monday last, with the understanding that an equal number of Union prisoners would be sent down from Richmond in return.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The firing on the city of Charleston was continued in the regular manner, though the range had been somewhat increased, and portions of it which had until recently been unvisited by the dreadful messengers sent by our guns are now suffering from their fire, and deserters report that immense damage is being done to the city. Gen. Jones, the rebel commander at Charleston, would not grant Gen. Foster's request to be allowed to send supplies of food and clothing to our suffering soldiers now prisoners in Georgia. Several of the rebel officers now confined as prisoners on Morris island had expressed a desire to take the oath of allegiance to the National Government. Admiral Dahlgren had gone on an expedition up the coast.

GEORGIA.

Owing to the recent truce, Sherman lies quietly at Atlanta, fortifying the town. Hood wrote a letter denouncing Sherman's conduct in expelling the inhabitants, but Sherman, of whom as of Caesar it may be said *eodem animo scripsit quo bellavit*, replied in a letter that has not been equalled during the war.

The Richmond papers are greatly excited over reports which reach them from Macon, Georgia, to the effect that Gen. Sherman has sent an informal request to Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the rebel Confederacy, Gov. Brown, of Georgia, Herschel V. Johnson, and other prominent citizens of that State, to meet him at Atlanta, for the purpose of conferring as to Georgia seceding from the bogus Government, and returning to her allegiance to the Union. Gov. Brown has disbanded the militia.

ALABAMA.

The attack on the city of Mobile had not yet commenced. An expedition sent out from Fort Gaines had destroyed immense rebel saltworks and inflicted severe damage on the rebels. The rebels have been destroying great quantities of turpentine and rosin in the vicinity of Mobile, to keep it from falling into the hands of our soldiers.

MISSISSIPPI.

The Vicksburg Herald of Sept 10 says there has been a concentration of rebel forces at Jackson,

Miss. Forrest's, Taylor's, Gibson's and Wirt Adams's troops were encamped around that city for several miles. The force was estimated at 20,000 men, with extensive wagon, ponton and artillery trains. Forrest was still compelled to walk on crutches, from a wound received at Tupelo, but can ride a horse.

LOUISIANA.

Col. Scott, commanding the rebel troops near Baton Rouge, recently sent a proposition to Gen. Herron to surrender from 4,000 to 6,000 men if an unconditional pardon was granted.

The Union and Rebel Commissioners for the exchange of prisoners had an interview at Morganza, Louisiana, on the 12th inst., and it is hoped that a general exchange may be the result.

MISSOURI—ARKANSAS.

The advices from southeast Missouri and Arkansas go to show that a concentration of various scattered rebel detachments, for a strong invasion of Missouri, under Gen. Sterling Price, is in progress. A fight between the 3d Missouri militia and a portion of the rebel Shelby's force took place on Monday, Sept. 19, on the Little Rock river, in southeast Missouri. Gen. Price has a force of 20,000 or 30,000 across the Arkansas river, between Little Rock and Fort Smith, and Shelby was said to have between 4,000 and 8,000 men at Powhattan, Ark., on the 12th inst. Other detachments of rebels are scattered about in various localities on the Missouri border.

TEXAS.

The operations in Texas have resumed a new shape. Cortina, who was in possession of Matamoros, was attacked by the French, whom he defeated on the 6th Sept. on the road to Bagdad. During the action the rebel Col. Ford assisted the French, and Cortina, after checking the French, crossed the Rio Grande, raised the American flag, and as an American citizen attacked Ford, drove him out of Brownsville, which he holds, with nearly a million of dollars' worth of rebel stores.

NAVAL.

Two small steamers, called the Parsons and Island Bell, were captured at Bass Island, in Lake Erie, Monday afternoon, Sept. 19, by a party of about 30 rebel pirates from Canada. According to our treaties with Great Britain, these vessels cannot enter any of the British ports on the Lakes.

Several of the pirates have been pursued and captured. Six of them are now in safe keeping on Johnson's island, and the principal agent and several of his accomplices are prisoners on board the United States steamer Michigan, the capture of which vessel was the ultimate object of the piratical foray.

TOWN GOSSIP.

ONCE—not many weeks since—we were told by our special lady friend, that nobody wanted for anything, even though prices had doubled and trebled; that prices were not considered, and that women dressed as much, if not more, than ever they did before. This at the time we were inclined to doubt, but every day staggers our doubt and resolves the problem of plenty, especially as relates to dress and daily life.

This has been opening week, that most eventful time of all the half year to milliners and modistes, and certainly their efforts and their successes would never lead any one to believe, not even the most inveterate croaker, that financial distress or scarcity of any description hung over the land. With lace at the value of a king's ransom (whatever tangible sum that may be), and velvet at anything from \$25 to \$60 per yard; with French flowers at fabulous prices, and general trimmings at a wondrous exaltation, a bonnet becomes a matter of such serious consideration as even to stagger the cheque-book of a millionaire. And yet even in the face of this fact, never before have milliners so surpassed themselves, and buyers so recklessly parted with their greenbacks as upon this very occasion. All that can be yielded of the treasures of earth, sea or air have been freely given for their adornment, and these airy, fairy creations glitter with the gems of the earth, the marvels of the sea, the feathery tributes of the air, all enhanced by the hand of art and turned to the adornment of beauty.

In a few words, never before has so much money been spent in the adornment of the person or in extravagance of living as upon this very day of our Lord 1864.

As an atonement of this extravagance, there is at least one compensation, which is, that as luxury advances art and taste advance also. Our women are no longer clad in garments that make them a figure of ridicule, but dress with an eye to the fitness of things, as well as with a desire to keep within the bounds of fashion. We will venture to say that never before within recorded costume of the human figures has woman dressed more in accordance with true taste and motion, or more closely adapted her dress to the principles of common sense.

Another opening that will take place before this paper is in the hands of its readers is one of equal importance, but of more quiet reality. This is the opening of the public night-schools for the year. To many of our people the existence of such institutions is almost a myth, but still onward they go in our midst, and while thousands are amusing themselves at opera and theatre, thousands again who labor in the factories and the stores are seeking, in the scant hours between laboring and sleeping-time, for the knowledge that will smooth and elevate their life.

Through all the summer our citizens have borne the fearful stench that have saluted their nostrils from bone-boling, pork-packing and other nuisances, and said never a word. But now, as though worked to a point of non-endurance, they have, in a strong body, moved for a discontinuance, by calling upon City-Inspector Boole to sweep them away. There seems, somehow, to be a cloud upon the public intellect with regard to these places, which officials are not willing to blow away. The City-Inspector has no power in the premises, the only mode of action being through the Board of Health, which must be convened by the Mayor. Why this functionary, who came into office with such wondrous promises for the city's good, does not act is one of the marvels of politicians. Verily the ways of Mayors are various!

Some weeks since we recorded the fact that gold had touched 200, and this week we are happy to record the same, with this difference, that the touch is upon the downward movement. The precious metal has within the past few weeks fluctuated from point to point until it at one time reached 280, since which, with spasmodic efforts at recuperation, it has gone down—down—down, until the lower figure has been reached, with a happy tendency to a still further contraction. This is a grateful announcement to make to the public, and yet it will be some time before they can really feel its benefits. The wholesale dealer and speculator will realize the shrinkage of value, and will, like an overgrown bladder, burst or collapse, and his great stock be thrown upon an already overcrowded market; but the petty drygoods

man or the corner-grocer will, with natural obstinacy, refuse to accept the situation until it is beaten into his thick skull with a financial sledge-hammer. There is a great panic coming in the commercial world, but we doubt much if the working-man be not the gainer. He who is careful and economical, and stores away his greenbacks in these days of plenty, will find in a few months that every dollar is worth two when counted by what it will buy.

The coming week will be one of trembling everywhere but in the city of New York. While all her neighbors are shaking in their shoes at the steady march of the draft, Gothamites are exulting. We can imagine the feelings of many of our citizens who, during the first fright, determined to take time by the forelock, and therefore put in substitutes at an expense to them of different sums, ranging from \$900 to \$1,200, when they found that New York was exempt and their investments had been made without necessity. The thing is really too fearful to consider, and in one case that we know of has acted with a singular effect. A well-known stockbroker sent his man to the front at an expense of \$1,200, only paid to the negotiator of the contract. News came a day or two since that Patrick, the representative, had been laid out during the rush of Sheridan through the valley of the Shenandoah and was good for a final ticket-of-leave. Our stockbroker doubled up in an instant and took to his bed, and was only prevented from giving up the ghost by a response to his telegrams that Patrick was likely to recover. Since that time he has gradually improved, and at last advises our stockbroking friend is likely in a week or two to be out on crutches, if nothing happens.

While upon this subject let us remark that never since the commencement of this war has a better class of men gone forward, or with more enthusiasm, than at this time. We have heard within a week a recruiting officer say that he had in 20 days raised a company of gentlemen, and our experience of an hour or two in his office corroborates the assertion. The bounties are high and the service is short, the first amounting to about \$700, and the last for one year. The soldier for this year's service receives altogether in cash the sum of \$892, and with it clothes, rations, and every want supplied, making him, if a reasonable and careful man, independent of outlay. If this is not a spur to patriotism we desire to know what is.

In connection with this matter we see that Mr. Simeon Draper, the new collector of the port, though he has only been two weeks in office, has had over 2,000 applications from those desirous to serve their country. Gen. Sherman, before Atlanta, threatened to form the Northern recruiting agents into a regiment and put them in front, why could not Collector Draper be allowed the same privilege? We know a few tried officers who would be happy to lead them where more glory could be won than over a desk in the custom-house.

To change the subject, let us say a word about the amusements of the town.

Firstly, the opera—German of course we mean—in which the event of the week has been Carl Fornes, who made his debut on the first evening of the week in "Robert le Diable." To those who remember him six years ago we will only say that there is a shade of alteration, not for the better, but we also add that his grand voice can afford to deteriorate and still be strong enough and fine enough to make thousands of new converts as it yet holds all its old admirers. The German opera has been a great success, and while we hail the advent of Maretzky we cannot help regretting the necessity that carries away from us Carl Fornes and the Teutonic musical element.

Maretzky has made a point financially by filling his subscription list before opening. Already the choice seats command a premium, and the season promises altogether to be a greater success than any for years. The first opera is not yet announced by name. On Monday, Wallace's opened with what they were pleased to style a new play, which "new play" was simply a re-hash of one played several years since in London under the title of "The Married Bachelor," and also in this city at Burton's Theatre, under its present title. Of the merits of the piece, though the manufacture of that eminent patcher-up of dramatic necessities, Boucicault, the less said the better. Mr. Boucicault himself, if we are not mistaken, was of this opinion, and the play was only produced in London for the purpose of annoying its author, who was anxious to suppress it, though he had sold it to Mr. Webster, the manager of the Haymarket.

The old company remains much about the same, and were welcomed to the stage again in a manner that must have been flattering to their vanity, provided it has not swelled to such extent as to close every pore of the skin. Especially was this welcome extended to Miss Mary Ann Gannon, who, having just escaped from a bed of sickness that at one time threatened to prove fatal, was greeted with more than usual warmth.

At the Olympic production of the new play "Finesse" has been a success. Notwithstanding the illness of the new favorite, Mr. Hoisen, who was to have done the leading part, the whole affair went off smoothly, though why the character should not have been placed in the hands of Mr. Davidge at first is something we cannot conceive, and one of those marvels only known to managers. The next move upon the board is an adaptation of "Martin Chuzzlewit," by that uncertain individual, "a gentleman of this city," and the management announces that its intention is to present the affair "exactly as Dickens wrote it."

At Niblo's three nights a week are given to Forrest and three to the "Duke's Motto," each drawing full houses, and laughing financial tightness to scorn.

The Writ Garden still holds on with Clarke as Major De Bootes, and the public seem satisfied to want nothing else, save now and then a dash of "Toodles." On Thursday of this week Mr. Clarke is to venture on "The Comedy of Errors," doing the Dromio of Syracuse, while a Philadelphia amateur will essay upon the Dromio of Ephesus.

The Broadway still runs Mr. John Owens, and every night tells a fresh story of appreciation. The management has inaugurated Matinees, the first commencing on Saturday next, a movement which, if rightly conducted, cannot fail to be a success.

Heller must feel the attentions of the New York public this season as something a little more than flattering. There has not been a night since his first opening that the house has not been crammed to repletion, so much so that we feel inclined to grumble slightly when we come late. On second thoughts, we promise to forgive Heller if he will tell us privately how that goblin drum business is managed.

The Hippodrome is announced to open next week in its old quarters opposite the Academy of Music, with a new and powerful company.

NEW MUSIC.

OLIVER DITSON & Co. have just published a very capital collection of National Songs under the title of "Trumpet of Freedom." It is just the book for the camp, as it is equally well adapted for singing and playing. The airs are chiefly popular ones, and those that are new will doubtless soon become great favorites with the public. The arrangement is excellent.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN CONFLICT: A History of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860-64. Its Causes, Incidents and Results; intended to exhibit especially its Moral and Political Phases, with the drift and progress of American Opinion respecting Human Slavery from 1776 to the close of the War for the Union. By HORACE GREELEY. Illustrated. Vol. I. O. D. Case & Co, 1864. Octavo, 648 pp.

The future philosophic historian of this war will not lack materials; he will be rather oppressed with the multiplicity of books, pamphlets and papers, as well as of unpublished matter to be explored and sifted. Much may doubtless be easily set aside as of little matter. This cannot be said of this work. Of the Republican party, whose success was the pretext for the secession of the Southern States, and their subsequent war on the General Government, Mr. Greeley was one of the found-

ers and constant exponents. His work is thus the full clear exposition of the principles of the party and facts resulting from them. He goes back to the origin of the Slavery idea, which, when slavery became a political element, necessarily took form also as a political power. He traces the history of Slavery till the time of the Missouri struggle, giving the details of the Compromise; sketches the career of the Abolition element and the Pro-Slavery reaction, embracing the action of the Churches on the question. Texas and the resulting war with Mexico are then treated of; and then after examining the Kansas troubles, the Dred Scott case, the Cuba project, the John Brown attempt, thus bringing before the reader every point of the struggle down to 1860, he begins his narrative of the campaign which ended in the election of Abraham Lincoln, and gives the history of the war, bringing it in this volume down to the battle of Dranesville. It is rather, it will be seen, a political history, and abounds in extracts from documents, speeches and the like; but the military operations are carefully detailed with clearness and precision, with maps and plans, enabling the reader to follow without difficulty the course of the narrative.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE British Government has announced its intention to leave the question of the seizure of the Georgia to the U. S. Prize Courts. This, of course, puts an end to the chance of any trouble between the two powers.

The Danish question is by no means settled yet. The *Ost Deutsche Post* says: "The reports of difficulties which have arisen in the peace negotiations, of new pretensions put forward by the Danish Government as regards Northern Schleswig, are daily renewed. In vain does the Press endeavor to point out the inexorable necessity of Denmark, as she is circumstanced, to conclude peace. The rumor of a postponement of peace still prevails."

The Vienna *New Free Press* says: "Denmark would never have dared to raise objections as regards the financial question, or threatened to abandon the clauses stipulated in the preliminaries, if she were not backed by the three Powers. Russia, France and England, are now acting in concert with the sole object of paralyzing the work of peace, to save at least Northern Schleswig to Denmark, and to effect a reunion of the Duchies of Denmark by the aid of the fatal question of successions, which still remains pending."

The British Government has given orders to arm all their infantry with breech-loading rifles. Despite its enormous expense it will be well worth it, since it will render 10,000 men equal to three times their number armed as the soldiery are now.

It is reported that Lord Palmerston's hesitation to acknowledge the Mexican empire proceeds from the hesitation of the new Government to acknowledge the debt due the English bondholders.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The New York Manufacturing Jewellers' Association have inaugurated an enterprise which for liberality and popularity outdoes anything of the kind we have been acquainted with. They have engaged the Academy of Music for the evenings of the 28th, 29th and 30th of September, for three grand concerts by first-class artists, among whom are D'Angri, Fanny Stockton, Mr. S. C. Campbell, Mr. W. Castle and others, besides a grand orchestra of 60 pieces, under the very competent direction of Mr. John F. Cooke. The price of tickets to these concerts is \$1, which is a very reasonable one, but—here the joke comes in—the directors give to each purchaser, in addition to a ticket to the concert, a beautiful present, varying in value from \$1 to \$500 at usual retail prices. These presents consist of pianos, sewing-machines, gold and silver watches, diamonds, silver tea-sets, castors, jewellery of various kinds, and all sorts of knick-knackeries, of which an immense stock is on exhibition at the Company's Depot, Nos. 542 and 544 Broadway, at which place only tickets are sold and the presents distributed. The presents are given at the depot, at the time of purchase, so that there is no delay and the purchaser is not kept in doubt as to what he is to receive. A large amount of tickets has been sold, and among the thousands who crowd the place daily we have yet to hear of a single individual who has expressed the slightest dissatisfaction. We repeat the whole scheme is the fairest and the most liberal we ever heard of, and we are not at all surprised at the unprecedented success it has met with. We advise all who like to listen to good music and are not unwilling to accept a sure and a good thing to call on Mr. Elias, the actuary, Nos. 542 and 544 Broadway, purchase a ticket and try their luck. You may get piano, but you are sure to get the worth of your money at any rate.

—The Printers' Union has been dissolved. The New York *World* says: "The New York papers, like those in other cities, have for many years been to a great extent under the control of this combination, both as regards the compensation for labor and the internal regulation of their offices. The combination, however, heavily increased the rates of pay required from the employers at a time when the cost of all materials gave publishers a heavy load to carry; an advertisement for workmen not connected with the Union was offered for insertion in the *Tribune*; the men employed in the office demanded its exclusion, and struck in order to establish their control over the advertising of the paper; and this turned the scale. The combination had overshot its mark; the different papers quietly made arrangements to secure other men, and to discharge all connected with the Union, until about a week ago it was announced that the *Herald* alone employed compositors belonging to that body. It now appears that the Union has been compelled, by the consequences of its own headstrong folly, to abdicate its only really important function."

—The wheat crop of Minnesota is stated to be 2,800,000 bushels in excess this year over that of any previous crop. At the same time, that State has sent 12,000 of her laborers into the field as soldiers.

—Peace through success is union. Peace through surrender is disunion.

—Two men were digging a well in Canterbury, Ct., recently, in which they struck a rock at the depth of 23 feet. A blast opened a seam from which carbonic acid gas issued, overpowering the two, as well as another man who attempted to rescue them. The three were subsequently removed, but doubts are entertained of their recovery.

—A citizen of Washington has sent to Gen. Grant \$100 to be given to the man who first unfolds the Stars and Stripes in Richmond.

—The great trot on the Fashion Course, L. I., came off on the 21st Sept., when the Hartford horse, Prince, beat Gen. Butler, John Morgan and Lady Emma. It was for a purse of \$1,000, and an inside purse of \$250 each. In consequence of the fineness of the weather the attendance was immense, numbering 80,000 persons.

—A grand and imposing meeting in behalf of the Union cause and candidates was held on the 23d Sept. in the Brooklyn Academy of Music and in the street adjacent. Over 20,000 people were present. Speeches were made by Gen. Hooker, Senator Wilson and Gov. Boutwell of Massachusetts, Col. Hartman of New Hampshire, and Geo. W. Curtis.

—The number of arrivals for the week ending Sept. 17, was 2,471, making the total since January 146,825, against 114,365 the same time last year.

—The steamships America and Havana have been libelled, charged with a breach of the Revenue laws.

—Post-Master Blair has resigned his position in the Cabinet. Judge Dennison of Ohio has been appointed his successor.

Military.—Gen. Hood having made complaints against the cruelty of Gen. Sherman having ordered the Southern women and children to leave Atlanta, Gen. Sherman administers a severe reply. We have only room for the concluding part. He writes as well as he fights: "I have not accused you of heartless cruelty, but

merely instance those cases of very recent occurrence, and could go on and enumerate hundreds of others and challenge any fair man to judge which of us has the heart of pity for the families of a 'brave people.' I say it is a kindness to those families of Atlanta to remove them now at once from scenes that women and children should not be exposed to, and the brave people should scorn to commit their wives and children to the rude barbarians who thus, as you say, violate the laws of war, as illustrated in the pages of its dark history. In the name of common sense, I ask you not to appeal to a just God in such a sacrilegious manner—you, who, in the midst of peace and prosperity, have plunged a nation into civil war, 'dark and cruel war,' who dared and badgered us to battle, insulted our flag, seized our arsenals and forts that were left in the honorable custody of a peaceful ordinance sergeant, seized and made prisoners of war the very garrison sent to protect your people against negroes and Indians, long before any overt act was committed by the 'to you' hateful Lincoln Government, tried to force Kentucky and Missouri into the rebellion spite of themselves, falsified the vote of Louisiana, turned loose your privateers to plunder unarmed ships, expelled Union families by the thousands, burned houses, and declared by act of your Congress the confiscation of all debts due Northern men for goods had and received. Talk thus to the marines, but not to me, who have seen these things, and who will this day make as much sacrifice for peace and honor of the South as the best born Southerner among you. If we must be enemies, let us be men, and fight it out as we propose to-day, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity. God will judge us in due time, and He will pronounce whether it be more humane to fight with a town full of women and the families of a 'brave people' at our back, or to remove them in time to places of safety among their own friends and people."

Naval.—The U. S. sloop-of-war Brooklyn arrived at the Charlestown Navy Yard on the 30th Sept. This vessel led in the engagement at Mobile, and suffered more from the fire of Fort Morgan than any other. Fifty-nine shots entered her sides, most of them on the berth-deck, and 73 shots took effect in other parts of her. On her decks are to be seen more than 1,200 pounds of iron, which were poured into her from the rebel batteries.

—The splendid U. S. steam-frigate Franklin was launched Sept. 17th, at noon, at Portsmouth, Kittery, Maine. She is 265 feet long between perpendiculars, and 306 feet over all; extreme depth, 46½ feet; capacity, 3,684 tons; weight of vessel about 2,500 tons; propeller, 21 feet diameter; she is pierced for 50 guns.

—Commander Carter, of U. S. steamer Michigan, reports to the Secretary of the Navy the capture by pirates of the steamers Parsons and Island Queen. He says they were pursued by him, and that he has got the principal agent prisoner on board, and many accomplices. All is safe at present. The object was to capture the steamer Michigan. Col. Hall has six of the pirate party on Johnson's Island.

Personal.—Madame Tedesco, famed for her "Alabaster Shelf," is singing at Madrid. She is as fat and pretty as ever.

—Professor Anderson, assisted by his daughter, is about to appear in London, after an absence of 7 years. His entertainment will be part dramatic, part legedmain.

—Oscanyan, the distinguished orientalist, will commence his entertainment, on the 3d Oct., at Irving Hall.

—Theodore S. Fay, so long our consul in Switzerland, has returned to New York from Europe.

—Mr. Mallison, Howard's confederate in the bogus proclamation, has been released from Fort Lafayette.

—Commodore Theodoros Bailey has been ordered to the command of the Portsmouth Navy Yard in place of Commodore George F. Parsonis, who is ordered to the command of the Pacific Squadron. Commodore C. K. Stribling is relieved from the Navy Yard and ordered to the command of the East Gulf Blockading Squadron.

—Dr. Robert Shelton Mackenzie, literary editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, is about to receive a consulship, as a reward for his brilliant and highly successful advocacy of the Administration. The doctor is in fine condition for Minister of the Feejee Islands.

—Despite Senator Wade's proclamation against Lincoln, he is stamping Ohio for him.

Accidents and Offences.—On the 22d of Sept. Dr. Issachar Zacharie, a well-known chiropractist of this city, who has his own house, No. 760 Broadway, with a five-barrelled revolver in the hands of Mr. Samuel M. Barnett. Two shots were fired. One ball entered the doctor's cheek on the right side of his nose, and passed into his head beyond the reach of a probe. It is feared the wound will prove fatal. Barnett immediately after delivered himself up, and Justice Shandley committed him to await the result of the injuries. There are several different versions as to the cause that led to the affray, and at present there is a mystery surrounding the whole affair, which will no doubt be hereafter unraveled. Barnett is an Englishman, a single man, aged 32 years. Dr. Zacharie is a native of Charleston, S. C., aged about 45 years, and has a wife and several children residing in this city.

—A girl of 14 lately poisoned herself in Louisville because she was not allowed to clope with a young scamp of 17. Medical remedies saved her life.

—The past week was pre-eminently fatal for railroad accidents. On the 21st Sept. the fast line train going Eastward on the Pennsylvania railroad ran into a freight train, demolished the engine, killed six and wounded 13. On the same day a locomotive exploded on the same line near Latrobe, which smashed the engine, destroyed six cars of cattle and killed three men. And on the same day an accident happened on the Hudson River Railroad, occasioned by the axle-tree breaking, and throwing the entire train from the track. Two boys in the baggage car were killed, and a brakeman and one passenger, a lady, injured.

—On the 16th Sept. a fire broke out in the Inebriate Asylum, Binghampton. One complete wing was totally destroyed. No lives lost. Damage \$100,000—fully insured. The origin of the fire was purely accidental.

—A man residing in Jersey City was so terrified at the idea of being drafted that he attempted to cut his throat. The wound, however, was sewn up, and he is doing well.

—A young woman named Clifford was killed on the 24th Sept. by falling through the hatchway of Silas Herring's manufactory, corner of 3d avenue and 14th street. Herring was censured for neglect.

Foreign.—There are at present residing in the same mansion, in Cardiganshire, three sisters, whose united ages fall but 17 years short of three centuries. The sisters have reached the respective ages of 92, 94 and 97 years, and are one and all in the enjoyment of good health and unimpaired faculties.

—Asiatic cholera has made its appearance in the Lincolnshire Fens, in England, and has proved fatal in several cases, owing (it is stated by the medical men) to the long-continued drought, which has caused the drains to become little better than stagnant pools.

—The *Nazione*, of Florence, says: "In the villages of Antignano, Arenella and Duc Porte, which stand on the same hill in the province of Naples, reside about 30 men and women, who, from a singular religious fanaticism, have made a vow never to speak. For some years past they have maintained silence. A tradesman (a grocer) is mentioned, who carries on his business without uttering a word. Should a customer enter his shop to purchase anything, he weighs and sells. If the buyer has any observations to make, he listens and does as he is requested. Besides, his wife speaks for him, and most ungrudgingly."

—British North America has a commercial marine of 500,000 tons. She is exceeded by only three nations, Great Britain, the United States and Russia.

—The central provinces of India are being devastated by the cholera.

—Tennyson's new volume of poems, "Enoch

Arden," etc., has caused much division of opinion among the critics. The *Athenaeum* is very severe upon it, while the *Illustrated London News* and most of the other literary papers are very flattering. The best critics, however, consider it a very mediocre production.

—An extraordinary cloud of winged ants, which completely obscured the rays of the sun during their progress, passed over a district of France lately.

—According to recent statistics, 101,750 inhabitants of Paris are receiving public charity. The sum devoted by the Administration to the relief of those persons is 4,200,000 francs, a quarter of which is derived from legacies and donations.

—Punishment by whipping is on the increase in England. Last year the number of prisoners flogged was 388.

—The heir to the Emperor of Russia is engaged to Princess Dagmar, daughter of the King of Denmark and sister to the Princess of Wales.

—On the 1st July there were 163 theatres in Germany, 60,000 actors, singers and dancers, and 3,000 choristers.

Chit-Chat.—A prisoner of war advertises from Johnson's Island, in a New York journal, for a substitute to take his place there: "Wanted, a substitute to stay here in my place. He must be 30 years old, have a good moral character, A-1 digestive powers, and not addicted to writing poetry. To such a one all the advantages of a strict retirement, army rations, and an unmitigated watchfulness to prevent them from getting lost, are offered for an indefinite period. Address me at Block 1, Room 12, Johnson's Island Military Prison, at any time for the next three years, inclosing half a dozen postage stamps. ASA HARTZ."

—A recent writer on the planetary system coolly says: "There need be no alarm about comets; should one of these erratic bodies come into collision with the earth and destroy it, the inhabitants will suffer no pain, as the atmosphere of the comet will instantly suffocate every living thing except the fishes, and so render them insensible to pain!" Very consoling.

—The Blue Noses of Halifax, N. S., have commenced the publication of a paper called the *Bullfrog*.

—A carrier pigeon lately carried a letter, tied round its neck, from London to Exeter, 171 miles, in five hours and two minutes.

—In Canada the cultivation of flax is progressing. Last year there were only 5,000 acres planted with it, and this year 50,000!

—"For want of water, I am forced to drink water; if I had water, I would drink wine." This speech is a riddle, and here is the solution: It was the complaint of a Italian vineyard man, after a long drought, and an extremely hot summer, that had parched up all his grapes.

—Count Nesselrode says that his life has been prolonged by music and flowers.

—Esparto grass is being used very extensively in England in the manufacture of paper.

—A correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer*, in a description of the present condition of Charleston, says: "In one of the widest and handsomest thoroughfares, a space just wide enough for the cart wheels is all that can be seen of the paving stones; all else is covered by tall grass and weeds, reminding you of a pathway through an old field in the country."

—Concerning diphtheria and the use of kerosene the Providence *Journal* is informed that the idea that kerosene has anything to do with the prevalence of diphtheria is absurd and ridiculous. Diphtheria has now been prevailing extensively for about 40 years in France and England, long before kerosene was used at all.

—The Philadelphia *Press* has the following: There is a startling rumor in town to the effect that McClellan will not vote for Pendleton, nor Pendleton for McClellan. One is so unequivocally for peace that he cannot support a candidate who receives his pay from the War Department, and the other being "The Soldier's Friend" can scarcely be expected to endorse a man who was in every respect the soldier's enemy.

—A man on Cape Cod, who had separated from his wife, married a second with whom he lived a year and a half, and then died. His first wife came forward and took possession of the estate, the second wife sued for pay for services during the time she lived with the deceased, and a jury gave her a verdict for \$2 per week.

—A loyal American of African descent makes report of his participation in a guerilla fight: "We fit 'em, we whoopt 'em, and we kotched ten uv 'em."

—The Paris cabmen can't cheat. They are paid by the mile, and a dial worked by clockwork, set in motion by the revolution of the wheels, shows the distance travelled.

WASTED COAL.

COAL is \$12 to \$13 per ton. That means something when a winter's supply has to be laid in. In the use of it the most prodigal wastefulness is practised, doubtless because it is black and dirty, and does not look nice; it ought therefore to be got out of the way as soon as possible.

One-third of every ton of coal burned by servants is wasted—not alone in reckless burning, but in actual wanton waste. The coal is as certainly lost as if a third were left in the street instead of being put in the cellar. It is wasted in the ashes; fresh coal falls out of the grate in replenishing it, and this, with that remaining in the fire at night, and charred half-burned lumps, amounts to fully one-third of the quantity actually used. This is a most unnecessary and wicked waste, and if servants cannot be induced or made by surveillance to correct the abuse, it would pay householders to look after it themselves.

In the matter of burning coal there is also a great want of intelligence, and it is not to be expected that common servants will know, or care much about saving it. The grate of the range is stuffed so full that the oven top is loaded with it, so that the fire will not die out or require looking after; then the draft is opened and the money, or what is the same, the heat, goes flying up the chimney.

With a little forethought all this could be prevented, and a ton of coal made to last three months instead of one. A good, bright fire can be steadily maintained with coal with less trouble than with any other kind of fuel, but not raking, poking and piling in green fuel continually. After breakfast the fire should be cleared of ashes, if there are any, and fresh fuel put on to fill the grate moderately. Let the over damper be turned up so as to heat it, and leave the small top door open, more or less, according to the intensity of the heat required. In this way air enters over the top of the grate and maintains a far better combustion, and consequently greater heat, than when the draft dampers are thrown open. A washing can be done or "ironing" accomplished with one-third less coal than is generally thought necessary to use.

So far as sitting ashes for the cinders they contain is concerned, it is hopeless to expect much change. Hundreds of poor families in cities live off of the waste of their improvident neighbors, and in this way there is something used which would otherwise be lost, but it seems to us that charity should be practised in a different and more profitable manner. If the proverb be true that "Charity begins at home," then we have a still stronger argument against this wasteful practice. Cinders will burn admirably in small cylinder stoves, and heat a nursery or laundry as hot as it could be. Every shovelful saved is a shovelful of coal put in the cellar, and a hint to the wise is enough on this point.

FASHIONABLE ladies will be pleased to learn that the new style "Alexandra" and "Empress" Undersleeve is now offered at the Ladies' Quitting Rooms 505 Broadway, just below the St. Nicholas.

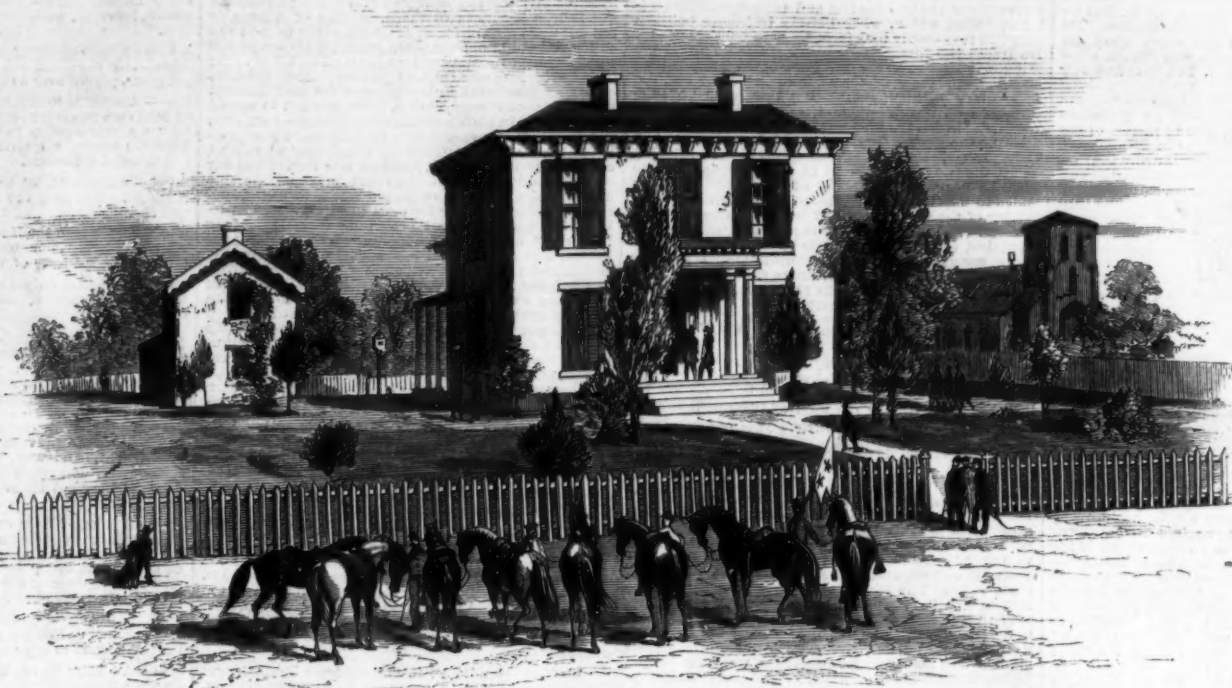
SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN.

THE Shenandoah valley has been so often the field of operations, that curiosity is naturally stimulated to see how places so often mentioned really look. In future years many a party of tourists will traverse it to visit the fields where so many gallant men fought and fell. Houses will be pointed out and be gazed on as are now those which gained celebrity in the Revolution.

Smithfield, or Wizard Clip.

This little town, which Averill, after an obstinate fight, had to vacate in the last days of September, but which we soon recovered, has been sketched by our Artist. It is a small village, many of the houses showing signs of the recent battle, being perforated with shot and shell.

It is near Charlestown, on the turnpike, and is also termed Middleway, but throughout the country around it has for half a century borne the name of Wizard Clip, from strange events which occurred at the house of a Mr. Livingston, now in ruins, but which for a long time attracted general attraction. Articles of dress and boots even were mysteriously cut into strings generally by a spiral clip going round and round the doomed article. This clipping or cutting gave the



INTERVIEW BETWEEN GEN. GRANT AND GEN. SHERIDAN AT CHARLESTOWN, VA., BEFORE SHERIDAN'S ATTACK ON EARLY, SEPT. 17.

Newcomber's Ford on the Opequan.

The Opequan has just given name to a victory, the most undisputed in all our glorious list. And as the little stream has thus risen to an historic greatness, a sketch of its course is not amiss. In sending the sketch our Artist says: "Here I had much difficulty in getting into our lines from Martinsburg, the picket on the opposite side of the stream being a German. It took some time and more labor to make him understand that I was a friend and had a pass. He finally agreed to let me go over, which I accomplished by stripping and fording, the recent freshet having made the ford by no means shallow. This ford is near Martinsburg, and is guarded by Averill's cavalry. It has been the scene of several skirmishes during the war."

MEN-OF-WAR'S MEN.

Our gallant tars have not perhaps been fairly dealt with by us as illustrators of the time. The various army organizations, the corps, divisions, brigades and regiments have all been depicted in mass and in detail, so that many of the regiments are recognised throughout the country. But the men who fought under Winslow, under



SMITHFIELD OR WIZARD CLIP, VIRGINIA.



LEETOWN, VA., AVERILL'S HEADQUARTERS.

Footes, under Dupont, under Farragut, under Porter, under Dahlgren, deserve some share, and we give this time a group from life, drawn with all the fidelity of a daguerreotype, as easy, as graceful, as unstudied as the gallant tars themselves. All honor to our navy, which may be outstripped by the fleet heels of a thief, but never fails to show of what metal it is made if it can once get them to stand.

THE COUNTRY MARKET AT HARPER'S FERRY.

GEN. STEVENSON, in command at Harper's Ferry, has recently, by a wise discretion, allowed the farmers of Loudon county to come over the mountains with produce to Harper's Ferry. Our Artist has sketched the new country market thus established, and by it our readers will see somewhat of the regulations.

The farmers are permitted to come, regardless of their political sentiments, to a place on the margin of the Shenandoah, near the town, where a market is held daily. An enclosure bounded by a rope near the ruined railroad bridge, and strongly guarded, is the prescribed space where citizens and soldiers equally share its benefits and enjoy fresh butter, eggs, meat and other necessities, at prices which for cheapness excite the envy of New Yorkers at least: butter at 35 cents, eggs \$2 a 100, meats of all kinds at 25 cents and less.

ACCORDING to Confederate interpretation, "C. S." means "Cousin Sam," as "U. S." stands for "Uncle Sam."

place the name of Wizard Clip, and to this day the spot is regarded with terror by the people. The lot is now used by the Catholics as a burial-place, but few of the Smithfield people could be induced by any offer to cross it. Some of our troops were for a time encamped on it.

Sheridan's Headquarters, Charlestown—Scene of his Interview with Gen. Grant, Saturday, Sept. 17.

The recent glorious victory of Gen. Sheridan gives an interest to all his movements, and we sketch with pleasure his Headquarters in Charlestown, where, on the 17th, Lieut.-Gen. Grant and himself planned the recent successful movement. Our Artist sketched it as the two, after their conference in the room on the left, came out of the house together.

This house, standing, as will be seen, not far from the Episcopal church, belongs to Mr. Ruderford.

Leetown.

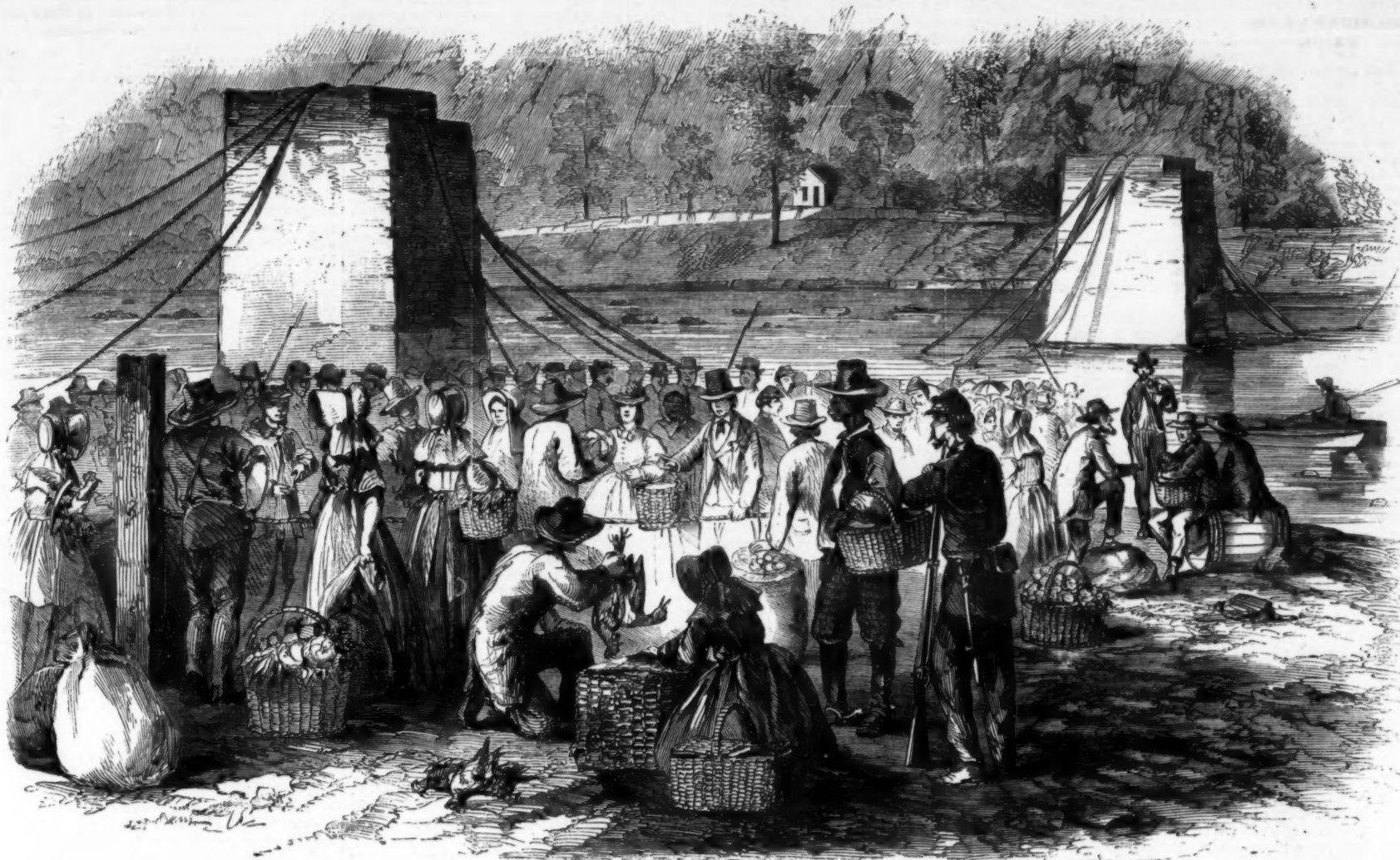
Leetown is a small place of some eight houses, and once belonged to Gen. Charles Lee, the eccentric officer of the Revolutionary army, whose treason is now scarcely doubted. Here he spent his last days, with no companions but his books and his dogs. Five powerful springs have their source here, sending out good mill streams. At one of these in the sketch some cavalry are watering their horses; a millrace runs from it to the right. Another spring is further back.

The mill in the centre, where the road turn off, belongs to Mr. Baulch, the present proprietor of the town, whose residence is on the extreme right. On the left, on the Winchester pike, is Mr. Snyder's residence.



OUR SPECIAL ARTIST PASSING NEWCOMBER'S FORD ON THE OPEQUAN AT A DISADVANTAGE.

SCENES IN SHERIDAN'S SHENANDOAH VALLEY CAMPAIGN:—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



THE COUNTRY MARKET AT HARPER'S FERRY, NEAR THE RAILROAD BRIDGE DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

THE BEE AND THE ROSE.

BY ROSENBERG.

I.

From blossom to blossom a Honey-Bee roamed,
But most he loved the lips of the Rose,
Whose flushing cheek to the wanton Sun
Its beauty and perfume like incense throws.



And thither he came from hour to hour,
Pausing to kiss her on careless wing,
Till the wind and the ray their task had done,
And the hundred-leaved flower was a faded thing.

II.

Alas! the poor Rose! She was withered and
pale—
No more the faithless Honey-Bee came;
Sorrow had rifled her crimson lip
And trouble had tainted her blush of flame,
While many a younger beauty bared
Bosom and cheek as he passed her by,
And bade him pause with her, her sweets to
sip,
And murmured and laughed at the faded
one's sigh.

III.

But the storm, it arose, and the wind awoke,
On his wing the plashing raindrop fell,
The Tulip closed her leaf when he came—
The Marygold never "had loved him
well—"
The Daisy wondered "He looked so low—"
The Lily appealed "to her purity—"
The Ladysmock talked of her name and her
fame,
And none sheltered the soiled and the
stricken Bee.

IV.

Then he came to the frail and the faded Rose,
From her withered lip no cold word came—
Her love lived yet in her dying leaf,
And she told him not of her tears of shame.
She had no memory harsh and hard
Of wounded love and of rifled youth,
Her words were neither of woe nor of grief,
She spake to him but of her love and her
truth.

V.

The wind and the rain came and scattered her
leaves
And smote to the earth the wounded Bee—
Kiss-like on his lip, her last leaf fell,
In the selfless kiss of her sympathy.
There are things as frail yet not so true—
Things that can laugh and can love again—
Heaven will pardon the truth that is frail,
It is not the Love, but the Lie is the stain.

MRS. NETTLETON DRIGGS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

"It certainly has very fine eyes, Robert."
"Y-e-e-s! yes, fine eyes, very fine child."
"How pleadingly the poor thing looks at us.
Upon my word I never thought of such a thing
when I came here, but I am almost of a mind to
take that child home with me. What's your
name, my dear?"
"Joey, ma'am," answered the child, timidly.
"Would you like to go home with me, Joey?"
"Yes, ma'am!" answered the little one, eagerly,
the light sparkling up in her brown eyes with all
the childish desire for change.
"What do you say to it, Robert? She is not so
very young as to be much trouble; I can bring
her up as my own maid, you know."
Mr. Robert Leroy looked sideways at the little
one, twisted his mouth slightly, and gave his chin
the least perceptible scratch, then answered:
"Just as you please, my dear, you know what is
best."

For though Mr. Robert Leroy was accustomed
to being consulted on any and every matter con-
nected with his household economy, the idea of
offering opposition had departed from him many
years before, as by profound calculation he found
that invariably upon all argument in which he
took part against Mrs. Robert, defeat was the
consequence. He, therefore, like a true philoso-
pher, after giving every matter upon which his



ADOPTING THE FOUNDLING.

consent was asked a solid consideration of at
least thirty seconds, consented. The question
involved in the present case was simply this:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leroy in the course of cer-
tain wanderings, the object of which it is useless
to record, it being no part of the present history,
stood together looking at the hundreds of children
committed to the public care of the city of New
York. It was no part of their errand, as Mrs.
Robert had said, to take one of these little ones
away with them, but it was so fated that the
brown eyes and laughing mouth of Joey had
attracted the not unkindly though somewhat
stern notice of the lady, and occasioned the re-
solve she had but just communicated to the gen-
tleman. The child who was the object of the
notice was a fine girl of ten, physically forward
for her age, and in spite of the coarse blue cotton
gown and close cropped hair was unquestionably
pretty. Indeed, under the gaze of Mr. and Mrs.
Robert Leroy, and the excitement of the lady's
question, with the color flushing into her face and
the light dancing into her eyes, Joey Burton was
more than pretty, she was beautiful.

"Indeed, I don't think you could do better,
ma'am. You couldn't have picked out a finer girl
on the whole place, I tell you: that honestly," was
the superintendent's response to Mrs. Robert's
announcement that it was her intention to remove
the little public waif and take it to her own home.
"Let me see!" continued that gentleman, re-
ferring to a large book, which he dragged with
difficulty out of its recess and on to his desk.
"Let me see, twenty-three, eighty-two, Josephine



POPPING THE QUESTION.

Burton, came in June 4th, 1832, exactly six years ago, ma'am; bless me, how time flies; was then four years old, neither father nor mother, both died with cholera, supposed to be English by birth, no relations, no inquiry even been made. That's all we have, ma'am, about her. I don't think you'll ever be troubled to give her up. He! he! he!" and Mr. James Jenkins laughed a little obsequious laugh behind his desk, at what he considered an excellent joke.

The formalities of taking the child from its charity home were few, and the packing of its worldly property, such as Mrs. Robert would allow it to take away, was a matter quickly done, and the little Josephine was soon on her way to a new home, too much elated with the idea of change to feel much sorrow at parting with those who had been her companions for almost all that she could remember of her life.

"Have you noticed Joey since she has her new dresses, Robert? Don't you think she is dreadfully improved?" was Mrs. Robert's questioning of her husband a few days after the introduction of Joey to her new home.

Mr. Robert Leroy's eyes had followed the girl as she crossed the room, and certainly if his eyes were any criterion of his opinions, he did think her "dreadfully improved," for his thoughts ran upon his childless married life of twenty years, and the long slumbering desire that for half that time had been unbreathed, even to himself, once more awoke; and he thought of how great a change it might have wrought in his life had he been father to one like this little waif, now thrown upon his hands, for whom no inquiry had ever been made. Mr. Robert in his own heart did not object to the taking of the child into his home, but he did object, though not with a word of spoken remonstrance, to the child as a servant. Something bade him take the little one into his heart, and act out the desire he felt to make it that for which he had once so longed; but the will of Mrs. Robert had ruled different, and it was understood in the household that Joey was under the charge of the housekeeper, and that her duties were to learn the art and mystery of a servant, especially as related to becoming Mrs. Robert's own maid.

Yes, she was certainly improved, and the child's new was putting fresh bloom into her cheeks, and new grace into her movements, while she in her turn brought a new life into the steady, quiet household, that had never yet known the step or voice of a child. Joey was everywhere, always with a laugh in her eyes, and a willing though weak hand to assist everybody. There was no disputing the favoritism of the child, even under the censure of her childish faults none ever showed anger to little Joey or dreamed of looking on her in any other light than that of a universal pet. To this only one exception must be made, one who though when taxed with her enmity laughed away the accusation with a bitter laugh, and yet never succeeded in dispelling the belief from the minds of those who accused her of hatred towards the foundling. This exception was Margaret Stone, who, though not claiming long occupancy of her position, arrogated an authority in the Leroy household which brought her to grief as often as an appeal had been taken by her outraged fellow-servants to the Leroy tribunal. Margaret was tall and sharp-featured, rarely or never smiled, and was wont at spells, sometimes lasting for days, to preserve almost entire silence, hardly using enough of language to carry her through her ordinary duties, and then again breaking forth in a torrent of talk the larger part of which would be complaint and invective, the latter fit lasting through the whole day, and ending with bringing her into a state of war with the entire servants' hall. Margaret was Mrs. Robert's maid, and to that lady, when remonstrated with for dissension, declared it was only zeal in her cause, and her dislike to the hypocrisy and dishonesty of her fellow-servants, that caused it. Among the servants there were many whispers of the last trait being prominent in their accuser, but if it was so none had ever yet succeeded in fastening guilt upon her. Margaret Stone was Mrs. Leroy's maid, and though among the servants she sneered at her office, and almost daily announced her intention of resigning it, and leaving service, yet when the little Joey came among them, and the understanding was that at some future time, when years had added to her size, she was to assume Margaret Stone's place, she found at once a deep and implacable enemy in her predecessor.

And yet the years went on, and Joey never abated the good humor and willingness that made her a favorite. Of all the visitants of that house there were none but knew of the beauty of Mrs. Robert's maid, for now Joey was installed in her new position, and Margaret Stone having at last made it an issue between herself and all the other servants, so that they had gone in a body to Mrs. Robert, and declared that they could no longer live in the house with her, had been discharged, vowing vengeance against all, and especially against Joey, on whom she chose to settle the burden of her hatred. Many congratulations did Mrs. Robert receive on her new maid, then only thirteen, but a woman in handiness and dignity, and many an admiring eye was cast upon the little beauty by susceptible young men who had the entrée to the Leroy mansion.

And still the years went on, and Joey spent them happily and peacefully, with no dream of ambition disturbing her heart. She knew that she was a servant, and even though always a favored one, she never forgot or aspired above that position. This was the case when Joey at fifteen first saw Lambert Littlejohn, an under clerk in the house of Leroy and Sharp, who sometimes came to bring the letters or receive the commands of Mr. Robert when it did not please him to spend any part of his day at the counting-house. Lambert was almost a boy, being only three years the senior of Joey, and was in the receipt of the munificent sum of six dollars per week salary from the house of Leroy and Sharp, a salary that

just kept him in a certain number of fashionable suits per annum, with patent leather to match, his board being a long credit on the future, granted him by an uncle who gave this credit as his share towards setting the young man forward in life. There was nothing vicious in the lad, but he loved the theatre better than the counting-room, and had more faith in a first-class frolic than in devotion to his desk. It was not a difficult thing for these two to make acquaintance, even though Lambert was obliged to make short errands at Mr. Robert Leroy's, and still less difficult for them to make clandestine meetings, and again less difficult for them to do what the world generally terms, fall in love. It was the first offering of devotion ever laid upon poor Joey's shrine, and crude as it was, with her it was molten gold. She hung over the passionate declarations of the boy-lover with a belief that knew of no shadow of doubt, and dared everything, even deceit and falsehood, to be with him, or to receive his letters brimming with wild declarations of devotion.

When all the house was quiet, and Joey was supposed to be slumbering, she would steal away from the house by an alley that led into a side street. There, under the shadow of a huge buttonwood, half in the alley and half in the street, she would meet Lambert, and fearing to venture for a walk, they would stand for hours to repeat the old, old story, and part to meet again the next evening. It was one evening when they were so engaged that a female figure brushed close to them, halted an instant, put up her hand to half remove her veil, as though for a hurried look, and then pass so quickly down the street and out of sight as to leave them in wonder at the celerity of her movements. Joey drew close to Lambert with a half shiver as the figure passed away, and something prompted a recognition. The name of Margaret Stone came to her lips, and for the first time an instinctive dread of her old enemy seized her. It was useless for Lambert to attempt reassurance, or by argument seek to convince her that it was then midnight, and that Margaret would not be out alone at such an hour; the fear had settled upon her, and that night Joey stole back to her little room in tears, and wept bitterly over the love of which she feared the end.

Days passed, and one came that brought terror to the heart of Joey Burton. Under the shadow of the buttonwood tree stood the two. The night was dark, so dark that even the passers upon the walk could not see the two who stood crouched up against the dark wall and under the darker shade. The arm of Lambert was half around the waist of the girl, and his words were low-spoken into her ear, when a quick hand was laid upon his shoulder, turning him around, so that what little light came from a distant street-lamp fell upon his face, and the figure of Margaret Stone stood before them, her face within a foot of his.

A sharp, quick, "Well?" broke from her lips. "Well!" answered Lambert, doggedly, shaking off the hand from his shoulder.

"How long is this to go on?" she said, after a another pause of a few seconds.

"As long as I please," answered the boy; "d'ye hear that?"

"Do I hear it?" she repeated, slowly, drawing her breath with almost a hiss. "Do I hear it? Yes, Lambert Littlejohn, and others shall hear it also. Do you think I shall rest calmly and know you stand here night after night, clasping that white-faced thing to your breast, and do nothing to prevent it? Do you know that I hate her? Yes, hate her almost as much as you once told me that you loved her?"

There was no answer came from Lambert, but he sought to draw Joey nearer to him, though he was conscious of the shrinking of the girl.

"How many months have gone over your head since you spoke to me all that you are now telling that creature, and drew me towards you as you now do her? Oh, you're only a boy, but you're old in deception! And I, too, like a fool, was pleased because you were younger than I, and believed you—though I knew you were playing with this girl all the time. Come, I want you to go home with me!"

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Margaret, all your lies won't have any effect on Joey."

"Lies! lies! Oh, merciful heaven, hear him! Lambert Littlejohn, do you expect that God will prosper your love, or bring anything good out of it? If I wanted to curse ye both for ever I ought to leave you to yourselves, the punishment would surely come."

"Well, why don't you?" said Lambert, sullenly. "Leave us to ourselves and go home; you needn't stay for me to go with you. I don't want ever to speak to you again after to-night."

The girl stretched forward her head and, with her hands clenched, stared hard into his face without speaking; and then, suddenly turning upon Joey, she whispered, hoarsely:

"As for you, my bitter hate fall on you! You've done nothing but cross my path from the first day I ever saw you. If I could wither you with a word, do you think I wouldn't do it? Let me tell you, fool, that it was I who gave that villain to you. I held him—so!" and she held up her hand clenched before her. "He couldn't then have got away from me, but that I had my ends to gain. I sent him to you; I bade him seek you, to act love to you, and then to—ruin you. He went like a dog to do my bidding, and he'll do it yet, though he is now snarling at me. Take him, girl, you're welcome to such a cur; take him, and take curses and ruin with him."

And then, with her last word, she plunged into the darkness and was gone, leaving behind her the unconscious Joey, held fainting in the arms of Lambert Littlejohn.

That night a shivering, hopeless girl crept stolidly back to the Leroy House, and awoke the next morning with a raging fever. Days and weeks passed over before she was once more about, and then it was to encounter a new trouble. Mrs.

Robert Leroy had received an anonymous letter, informing her of the clandestine meetings between Joey and Lambert Littlejohn, and had determined to end them. For that purpose she had sent for the girl, and Joey, weak and unhappy, confessed all, and, still heartsick with the events of that terrible evening, was ready to promise anything. That night a tap, as of some substance thrown, came upon the bedroom window, and Joey opened it to see. No sooner was the sash raised than a pebble flew in, bringing with it this letter:

"Oh, Joey, do you intend that they should separate us for ever? Once more only meet me this night by the tree, and then, if it is your will, I will leave you, never to return. Only once more!"

Poor Joey, with a heart torn between love and duty, gazed from the window out into the darkness to see Lambert standing opposite with his arms stretched out in supplication, and the sight was too much. In a moment her bonnet was on, and within a few minutes she was in his arms, under the dark and solemn branches of the buttonwood, and in an hour she was Lambert Littlejohn's wife, flying to find shelter among strangers, a weeping, dowerless bride, with nothing but what she stood in, the wife of a penniless, unemployed boy.

We shall go hastily over the next three years, years of toil, destitution, sickness and death, and find Joey a widow with one child. Three years before, in the first remorse of her hasty flight and marriage, she had alone sought the presence of Mrs. Robert Leroy, and had borne a stern reprimand from that lady, and a declaration was launched that as she had made her bed so must she sleep on it, which poor Joey received as a sentence of eternal banishment, and fled from her presence, feeling like a monster of ingratitude. Weeks after, when Mrs. Robert relented, and would have bidden the poor castaway back, there was no trace of her, and though orders were issued that if ever she was heard of by any of the servants, the intelligence was to be immediately communicated, no word of Joey ever came to the Leroy's. Once in a while Mr. Robert would look up from his book or paper, on some dreary night, when he was toasting his knees nearer the fire than usual, and, with a suppressed sigh, would hazard a few words, surmise, or wonder with Mrs. Robert as to the whereabouts of the poor girl, and then the subject would drop away for weeks, until something again recalled it.

During all this time Mr. and Mrs. Lambert were thrown like morsels of froth upon the sea of life from point to point, struggling with bitter poverty and starvation. A little copying, a transient employment of a few days, a useless appeal to his uncle and others, to far-off relations, and the hopelessness of despair set in upon the boy-man, and step by step he sank deeper and deeper into misery and idleness. As a sequence came intemperance, and before half a year had passed over the heads of the child couple, it was nothing unusual to see the husband staggering home at midnight, or after, to throw himself, half unconscious, on the poverty-covered couch, and sleep a drunken sleep far into the following day.

A few months after came their child, and the little creature was ushered into the world with a drunken father in the same room, unable to understand the intelligence of its birth, and dependent on the charity of neighbors, almost as poor as its parents, for rags to cover it. For a few months, under the stimulus of his new position, Lambert became somewhat altered, and made a fresh struggle, but the industry was lacking, and once more he sank into his old habits. With them came neglect and abuse of his wife and child, and Joey drank the cup to the very dregs, passing through everything but crime and shame.

The third year was far gone, and it was one hot, sweltering night in August, when the very walls of her dreary garret room seemed burning with the absorbed heat of the day, and not a breath of air came in through the four pane loop of a window, that Joey had risen from a sleepless couch and stood looking out upon the roofs about her and dreaming of the child days, when she had been among the hundreds of waifs like herself, a city foundling, and of the semi-child days, when she had found peace and happiness under the care of Mrs. Leroy; and then the hot tears trickled down her face, and she thought dreadingly of the hour when Lambert would stagger up the rickety stairs and into the hovel-like room, to awaken the child and cause it to scream with terror, and perhaps strike her for stilling it, or because she had received no money that day from her sewing, and would be unable to give him what would buy him more poison and keep him away for the rest of the night. All these things she thought of as she gazed out upon the black roofs of the filthy houses about her, and almost in her secret heart wished for the coming of the angel of death, if it could but take her child as well as herself.

Suddenly there was a noise in the stifed court below, the shuffling of many feet, and the sound of suppressed voices. Then there was the glance of a light upon the opposite wall and heads thrust from a score of windows, and Joey could see, by stretching herself far out from her standing-place, a shambling crowd below, bearing something in their midst and moving towards the house. Then she could hear the scraping and talking upon the stairs, far down, and with an undefined terror she came away from the window and stood in the centre of the room to listen. Step by step they came up the long flights, every step telling of some burden they bore in their midst. Heavily they scuffled along the halls, until they came to the last stair, and the blood froze within her. The men who opened the door were startled to see a white figure standing rigid in the centre of the room, and for a moment hesitated at the threshold with their fearful burden; but soon recovering, deposited on the bed all that was left of Lambert Littlejohn, a ghastly, bloodstained corpse. In the street below, at the very entrance of the alleyway that led to his dwelling, he had been discovered by some late neighbor, dead and stiff upon the pavement.

"It'll be a case for the cor'ner, sure," said one of the men, as they laid the body upon the bed and tried to compose and straighten the limbs.

"That's so!" said another, "and a mighty bad lookin' job he's got before him, I say. Come, now, missus," he continued, turning to Joey, "don't take on so. You'll get over it. You're a young and likely gal, and there's jist as good fish in the sea as ever was caught. Cheer up, now, cheer up!"

Joey shrank away from the rough but well-meant words of the man, and gazed vacantly on the gaunt figure stretched out upon the bed. The shock was too terrible for her, and she had not yet found tears. It was the first time she had ever seen death, and it was impossible to realize that he whom she had once so loved, and so sacrificed for, lay nothing but a clod of lifeless matter before her. Heaven knows he had done enough to crush out the very last spark of life and love in her bosom, but still the memory of the old time lingered, and at last the flood burst with long choking sobs and a torrent of scalding tears, as she threw herself beside the bed and clasped the hand of the dead man to her bosom.

With one stride we leave behind us the next two weeks. The coming of the coroner, the cold, businesslike dispatch, the heartless handling of the body, the abrupt questioning, the neighbor women gossiping and crooning over the dead, the pauper funeral, and the ejection of poor Joey from her hovel for non-payment of the week's rent.

It was a beautiful day, the very streets were blossoming and filled with music. The bright sun sun poured down its rays with a laughing profusion, and the crowds who pushed and elbowed through Broadway did so goodhumoredly, as though entering into the spirit of the weather, and feeling on good terms with all the world. It was a great holiday, a great celebration of something, and the people were to be amused with a procession and sundry other doings, without cost to them. Thus it was that that great and small, young and old, lame, halt and blind, rich and poor, all New York was in the streets.

It is a wide mistake to suppose that misery always seeks solitude. The broken or chilled heart oftener presses to the midst of the crowd, seeking to find in the excitement a balm for the wound that is sometimes even worse than death. Thus it was that in the depth of her woe and wail Joey sought the very thickest of the crowd instead of the by-street. Her brain was numbed, she could not think. All her dreamings and thoughts were vague, flitting shadows, coming back to the same terrible end, hunger, destitution and death. She shivered with horror to think that she should be forced back to her old pauper home for the bread that stood between herself, her child and death. She knew that in that case she would be parted from her child, and would once more have to wear the badge of her degradation, and consign it, perhaps, to a life like her own. All this passed cloudily over the brain of Joey as she was tossed backward and forward through the throng, sometimes her ears filled with the music of a passing band, sometimes with the huzzas of a thousand men, and sometimes with the curses of some overcrowded or illnatured one.

And then came another thought, passing like the searing flash of lightning through the brain, and cast back by the heart. Only an instant it tarried, but oh, in that instant how busily it worked! She thought of the time when she was young and unfettered, and of the praise that had been showered on her good looks and qualities as a servant. And then she thought if she were but again unfettered none would know her antecedents and she might seek and speedily find a service that would place her beyond want, and possibly lead to something better in life than she had yet known. But who would take one from the streets, burdened, like herself, with a child too young not to require constant care. And then she looked down at the little scantily-clad morsel trotting by her side, and pointing every moment with delight to the passing soldiers and the flaunting banners, and almost in terror turned away her head at the thought that the babe she so loved should be so great a burden, and that so fearful a shadow should cross her as that the mere opening of her hand that held that of the little one would in a moment separate them in the pressing throng, and that she then would be free, free as air, to go through the world and regain her past, and to know once more prosperity. The head of Joey swam and throbbed under the horror of her imagining, and she struggled on almost with a plunge, almost with a fall, and clasped her hands over her burning temples. It was only for an instant. But in that instant the surging crowd caught her, she heard a cry, a slight, childish cry, and then she was borne on many yards until she stood alone, staring blindly, stupidly, into the mass, a childless mother, and in another moment a senseless, fainting woman carried in the arms of a stout laborer into a near by drugstore.

For nearly an hour the woman lay unconscious, or only awakened from one swoon to fall into another, until at last she returned to life, to find herself upon the lounge of the back room of the druggist, with only the proprietor of the store and a stout, middle-aged, rather good-featured man standing over her, and looking somewhat anxiously down upon her face. At last she could distinguish the voices, subdued, but seeming to her stunned ears more like words spoken miles away than coming from the two men who were gazing at her.

"What do you think now, doctor?" said the stout gentleman.

"Coming round, sir, coming round. I think she wants nourishment more than anything else. Looks half starved."

"Poor thing! poor thing! Couldn't you give her anything, doctor, to fetch her round? Fetch her round if you can, sir. You shall be paid for it. There's nothing I like to see so much as people fetched round."

"Thank you! thank you! I'll do the best

can," said the apothecary, pleased at the title of doctor as well as by the offer of payment.

"Don't you think a little brandy-and-water, now, would do her good? What do you say to that?"

The apothecary said to that, he thought it would, and glad of any suggestion that would help him out of his ignorance, proceeded forthwith to administer the stimulant. Joey swallowed a mouthful or two with a shudder, and then sat up, and looking wildly around, asked:

"Where am I?"

"Just where you ought to be, child, among friends," said the stout gentleman.

"Friends!" muttered Joey, vacantly, as she looked from one to the other. "Friends!"

The stout gentleman coughed slightly behind his hand, and then repeated the word, though somewhat subdued in tone—"Friends!"

"Where is Willie?" she said, quickly and wildly.

"Willie?" questioned the stout gentleman, looking all around the shop as though he suspected the object of inquiry might be somewhere concealed among the bottles or boxes of the establishment.

Recalled by the sound of her own words, Joey stared fearfully at the stout gentleman, and then with one long, dry sob, she clasped her hands over her face and sank heavily back on the couch.

"Oh, come, come now!" coaxed the stout gentleman, "don't take on so. If you want anything you shall have it. What do you think she wants, doctor? Do you think a little drop more brandy-and-water now would do her good?"

The doctor thought it would, and proceeded accordingly to administer it, and then finding that his patient refused a further draft, took a tremendous swallow himself, by way of illustrating to her that his assertion of its being good was true.

Once again Joey sat up, and looked more calmly on the two men who were ministering to her.

"Where do you live?" asked the stout gentleman.

Joey shook her head slowly.

"I mean where is your home?" he repeated, in an apologetic tone.

"I have no home."

"No home! God bless me! how extraordinary! No home! Why, I never heard of such a thing! No home!"

"No home!" echoed Joey, vacantly.

"No home! Dear me, doctor, did you hear that? Why, you're very young to have no home. Isn't she, doctor?"

"Quite so," responded the doctor, finishing, with a swallow, the brandy-and-water. "Very young!"

"Something must be done about this, doctor; it won't do for any one so young to have no home. Ain't got any friends either, I s'pose?" he said, turning quickly to Joey.

She shook her head slowly, as before.

"Something must be done about this, doctor. Eh! what do you advise? She must be taken care of, or else she'll be falling down in the street again, and then maybe you can't fetch her round. Now, then, if she hasn't got any home, a home must be found for her," and the stout gentleman took the apothecary aside, and after a few earnest words a large wallet came out from his pocket with a jerk, and a transfer of something was made from it into the hands of the other.

"What did you say your name was, my child?" asked the stout gentleman of Joey, who had not as yet said her name was anything, but answered him:

"Joey—Joey—Bur—Lambert—No! Josephine Littlejohn."

"Josephine Littlejohn! Eh! not a bad name. I shall call you Joey now—Josephine is too long. What do you say to that, Joey?"

Joey smiled a serious smile, and looked up gratefully in his face, thanking him by her looks for his kind words.

"Well now, Joey, what do you say to staying here for a few days with this gentleman's wife upstairs until you get stronger, when we'll see what can be done for you?"

"Oh, no! oh, no!" said Joey, springing to her feet with vehemence, but staggering back again to the lounge. "I cannot stay here—I must go in search of Willie!"

"Willie!" said the stout gentleman, somewhat confused. "Who's Willie?"

Joey glanced from his face to that of the apothecary, but was silent.

"Doctor, don't you think you'd better go up to your good lady and tell her of this arrangement. She'll want to make some preparation, you see."

The doctor thought he had, and immediately set out to put the thought in execution. "No sooner was the door closed than the stout gentleman seated himself on the lounge beside Joey, and said:

"Now then, Joey, who is Willie, and what is the trouble?"

There was something in the look of the stout gentleman's face, and a homely kindness about his eyes that opened Joey's lips and unlocked the fountains of her heart, and within a few minutes, piece by piece, the long bitter history came out, and Joey for the first time had made a confidant of everything in the stout gentleman. When it was all said, and the step of the apothecary was heard upon the stairs returning, the stout gentleman took her hand, and said:

"Well, Joey, you must keep a good heart. There is no past so unhappy but there may be some compensation found for it. You must stay here now until I can find a better home for you, and we must have Willie looked up. I'd take you home with me now, Joey, but I never do anything of consequence without asking my wife or telling her of it, and so you will stay here and make the best home you can until I can do better for you. Yes! yes! we must find Willie! We will find Willie."

And the stout gentleman bustled about the room, looking into corners, and upon shelves, as though he expected to find the object of his search the instant, while Joey followed him about with

her heavy feverish eyes, scarcely comprehending the change an hour had wrought in her condition. Only a dim, terrible remorse shot through her brain when she thought of her child, and of the chance that she might never see it again, and now within the very hour that such fearful thoughts had flashed across her fate had brought to her a friend and a home, that would not have been denied even with the burden of her child. How swift was retribution, and how terrible!

But at last the stout gentleman bustled away, after consigning Joey into the hands of the apothecary's wife, who came into the little office with a virtuous frown all over her face, which melted away like mist before Joey's childlike, helpless glance, and gave place in a moment to a fussy expressed desire to coddle and nurse the white-faced little patient. The stout gentleman had given a heavy plurality of orders and directions, all tending to the one grand point, which was that Joey was to be "fetched round" as quick as possible, and that he would drop in next day and see them, thrusting, as he left the shop, a card, on which was written the name of "Nettleton Driggs," into the hand of the apothecary, and bidding Joey a cheery "good-bye," went out, nodding back with a smile through the sash-window of the door.

How strange it seemed to her, who, but an hour or two before, had been a homeless wanderer upon the street, with no prospect before her but a pauper-resting-place, to find herself at once the care of strangers, and with a home, even though only one for the moment. When she was removed upstairs, and too weak to move about, was seated in a great rocking-chair looking out upon the busy street and the crowds of which she had but a short time before made one, and heard the buzz, the clatter and the shouting, she felt as though all that had passed was but a dream, and that she should turn her head and see once more her dim and poverty-stricken room, and her child in its box-cradle, sleeping soundly in the corner. And then, each time as the dream would reach its culmination, she would gaze with a quick stare around the cosy apartment, and with a heart-sickening the fearful truth would all come back upon her, and her eye would wander away off into the extreme distance over the sea of heads, as though through dust and sun glare she could see the tiny form of the child she had that morning relinquished to the crowd, and hear its weak call for her protection.

And then next day came Mr. Nettleton Driggs and his wife, a stout, goodhumored, unremarkable lady of forty, who said little, but nodded assent and admiration to everything said by her husband, and shook hands with Joey, and asked her how she had been, as though she was an old acquaintance, and had turned up that day after an absence of a few months. Then she entered approvingly into all the suggestions of Mr. D., relative to the domestication of Joey, and interspersed them with observations of her own as to the necessity of airing beds, and being particular that sheets were not damp, also some learned comments upon stuffing poultry and making custards, and an entire disagreement with the apothecary's wife upon a matter connected with the putting up of peach preserves, which ended in each lady declaring her intention of making a convert of the other by sending a jar of the article that they might become acquainted with the true method. To all this Joey listened with her heart's eyes gazing out to unknown places after the little one afloat upon the world, and of whom, up to this time, Mr. Nettleton Driggs had been able to get no intelligence, though the police were now on the search, and would, without doubt, succeed. And then it was agreed among them—without Joey's opinion being asked—that the next day she would leave the apothecary's, and as soon as she had been properly "fetched round," assume the position of assistant housekeeper under the charge of Mrs. D., and consider their house as a future home, and with this arrangement completed, the worthy couple took their departure.

The next day Joey was transferred to Second avenue in a neat little pony chaise, the equine material of which bore striking resemblance, in sleekness and goodhumor, to their driver, Mr. Nettleton Driggs, who insisted that Joey was not sufficiently "fetched round" to walk the little distance to her new home. Here she was inducted into a large, comfortable, old-style house, with everything as neat as a pin, and the ancient furniture standing for a warrant of respectability, and rather improving by age and good-keeping. There was a great lazy cat with a silver collar, and a small lazy dog with another, moving stolidly about, and showing by their countenances as they followed their mistress into the sitting-room that they were too well-assured of their positions to feel jealousy of any new comer.

A tidy, bright-looking girl opened the door with a smile as the master entered, followed by Joey, and a quiet, middle-aged man-servant crossed the hall and went below. Everything in and about the house spoke of wealth without show, and solid, quiet comfort. To Joey all this was like entering upon fairy land, and the very aroma of the new home sent a balm to the inner heart of the poor, dejected, heart-stricken woman. Only one thing was wanting—only one thing!

Three more years, years full with outward peace and unvarying plenty, years in which there was wanting but one thing to make them years of entire happiness, had passed over Joey. Once more, as in the olden time in the Leroy household, Joey bore the middle relation between the trusted servitor and the child of the house. None among all the servants or among the guests but loved or admired the fair-faced, sad-eyed, girl-like woman, who moved so silently about her duties, and who had made her earnest and ministering hand so felt in her new home that the wonder only was how they ever got along before without her. Who but Joey took from the not unwilling-to-be-relieved hands of Mrs. D. the parts of household duty that

could not be trusted to servants? Who but she became so skilled in the mysteries of pickles and pastry, preserves, stuffing and stews, that her proficiency met even the approbation of Mr. Nettleton Driggs, who had never before been able to find any hand, save that of his fair spouse, approach anywhere near the mark? Who but Joey could go into the markets and stores and buy, with a close eye to quality and price, and render an account of her stewardship with a correctness that never showed a variation of a penny on the auditing of the account? And who during this three years received two distinct offers, one personally from the corner grocer, a smart and good-looking fellow of thirty, with ten thousand dollars of his own and a flourishing business, and who was stricken for a month by his rejection; and one from a wealthy tailor, retired from business to his country seat, forwarded through Mr. Nettleton Driggs, and endorsed by that gentleman as "a most responsible man, and the makings of an excellent husband," who also met with a like fate at Joey's hands, and, trusting his heart to the rebound, was caught, within a week or two after, by a gay and fashionable widow, who rewarded the bestowal of his plebeian hand by introducing the retired tailor into society? And during all these three years there was but one thing—that, in spite of every effort, no trace had been got to the little one who had strolled away into the great world upon that day when Joey first met Mr. Nettleton Driggs. Had that gentleman been searching for the philosopher's stone, with full faith in its verity, he could not have searched more truly and thoroughly than he did. All that the police could do, all that the newspapers could do, and all that his own faithfully working brain could do, was done, and at last, month by month, and year by year, the memory of the little one who had gone from her side so terribly on that day became only as a dim nightmare of a loved child in its little, coarse pink dress, cast out upon the sea and floating into the far distance, perhaps to death.

THE REV. DR. POTTS.

THE REV. GEORGE POTTS, D. D., a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman of this city, died at his residence on the morning of Sept. 15, from the effects of a paralytic stroke received this summer at Saratoga. He was born at Philadelphia, was educated at and graduated from Princeton College, and immediately after his ordination became pastor of a Presbyterian church in Natchez, Mississippi, remaining in that position 15 years. He subsequently came to New York and assumed pastoral charge of the Duane street Presbyterian church. In 1846 his members erected a spacious church in University place, where he has since ministered with continued acceptability to a large and influential congregation. Dr. Potts has enjoyed almost a worldwide reputation ever since his celebrated controversy with Rev. Dr. Wainwright, of the Episcopal church, as to whether the church could exist without a bishop, a discussion which grew out of the virtual vacancy in the Episcopal church of this diocese in consequence of the Onderdonk scandal. Dr. Potts leaves a wife and four children—three sons and a daughter. One of the sons is in the Union army, another is a missionary in China, and the third is now preparing for the profession of which his father was so distinguished a member.

THE RAILWAY POST-OFFICE CAR.

TIME is one of the most important public necessities of this busy age, and to save a few hours necessities of every description have been resorted to. One of the latest of these labor-saving, money-saving and time-saving contrivances which have been brought out in this country is the Railway Post-Office Car. It has been in use in England for several years, where its success has been eagerly watched. Having proved to be of great benefit, its introduction into this country was carefully considered, and, after several fruitless attempts, it has finally been adopted.

The credit of its introduction here belongs to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. Alexander N. Zevely, and to Mr. Thomas Clark, Superintendent of the Newspaper Department of the New York Post-Office. Several improvements over the English system for transmitting the mails have been made by these gentlemen.

The cars are running between this city and Washington. One car leaves Washington at 5:30 in the evening, and reaches Jersey City at 6 o'clock on the following morning. The car going to Washington leaves Jersey City at 7:30 in the evening, and arrives at 6 o'clock the next morning.

Both cars meet at Philadelphia. When they arrive the clerks in charge of the New York car take the Washington car and return to this city in charge of the mail. The same routine movement is pursued by the Washington clerks. All the mails are assorted and prepared ready for delivery while the train is moving. When the car reaches New York the letters are boxed up and ready for distribution to all parts of the country, thus saving four hours' time on the city delivery alone, and in some of the country stations as much as 36 hours. Although the Southern mail will not close much if any earlier by this change, yet by taking letters to the car at the railroad depot they can be dropped into the mail up to within five minutes of the train's starting. By this arrangement letters can be sent South two hours later than heretofore. An extra car is stationed at New York in case of accident.

The clerks on the New York car are as follows: Thomas H. Jenkins, City Department; Joseph Elliott, Carriers Department; Edward Brennan, Erie Distributing Department; E. L. Champlin, East Distributing Department.

If the new cars were running on the Eastern route the mail matter for that direction would not be brought to the city office, thus frequently missing the trains in consequence of the time required to assort it, but would go at once to the Eastern cars.

The matter for the North, which goes on the Hudson river train, and for the West, which is forwarded by the Erie railroad, was taken charge of by two other men, and prepared in the same manner as has already been described with reference to the matter for the East.

The distribution for this city included the morning letters which came not only from the cities on the Washington route but from all points connecting with those cities.

The letters were so separated that those for the boxes of the Post-Office, according to the "sections" into which the five or six thousand boxes are divided, could be distributed at once at this office; that the letters for the carriers at the "general delivery" box could be made ready immediately, and that the letters for the carriers and for the "stations" in this city should be given out on the arrival of the train here.

This early delivery is one of the first of the effects of the new system; and our citizens who desire to send letters southward at a late hour in the evening can do so when the train starts from Jersey City, at half-past 7 o'clock.

The cars contain every convenience which has been thought necessary for a thorough performance of the work. Besides the several hundred "pigeon-holes," into which the mail matter is distributed—these pigeon-

holes covering a space nearly equal to one side of the car—there is sufficient room for the mails, the tables required by the clerks, and for working space.

We are indebted to Mr. Barker, Master of Transportation, New Jersey Railroad, for courtesies extended to our artist.

DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW YORK STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM.

THIS noble institution, the first in the world devoted to the cure of a misery that sweeps off its thousands, has just received a serious injury by fire, the destructive element reducing to ruins the north wing and much of the centre.

The asylum, due to the energy and humanity of Dr. J. E. Turner, was founded in 1858, the corner-stone having been laid on the 24th of September, at Binghamton, in the presence of a large assemblage.

It was 365 feet long, three stories high, of a castellated Gothic style, with massive towers, and constituting a noble and imposing structure.

Its beneficial results are unquestioned, and its loss would be a serious injury to the community.

On the 16th of September, while most of the inmates were at tea in the south section, a fire broke out in the north-west corner of the building, and on the top floor. The fire was seen by persons in the village almost as soon as it commenced, and the fire department promptly started for the scene of action. As soon as the engines were on the ground, it became apparent they were useless, there being no sufficient amount of water nearer than the river, and the distance and elevation preventing a supply from being obtained from that quarter. Many people had arrived on the ground by this time. To check the fire water was needed, and with a limited supply of pails the work of bringing the needed article from a well and cistern some distance from the building was commenced, and for two hours a train of buckets and pails was continually kept up by those willing to thus practically show their desire to stay the destruction of the property.

In this way the men were kept busy fighting the progress of the fire, the point aimed at being to hold the fire in the north section, preventing its entering the centre of the building, and especially keeping it from reaching the south section or most valuable portion of the building. The struggle to check the flames commenced a little before seven, and by half-past eight it was evident that the fire was under control. A feeling of relief was manifested by half-past eight, as it became known that the building was not to be entirely destroyed, and by nine o'clock the people began to disperse.

The flames leave the south section of the asylum uninjured, while the centre is damaged only on the north side, the flames reaching it somewhat, but more of it being torn out and cut away to check the flames. The conservatories remain uninjured, excepting a few places where the fire caught and was extinguished, and the breaking of a few panes of glass. The south section of the building is somewhat damaged by being stripped of its movables and fixtures. The north section was burned clean of its woodwork, and the two inner walls are bowing, one of them leaning badly. The outer walls are somewhat blackened, and near the doors and windows so heated as to cause the stone to be more or less scaled.

Dr. Turner, who has charge of the asylum, was not at home, having left the day before to join his family in Connecticut. The loss is some \$80,000 or \$100,000.

THE PNEUMATIC RAILWAY

In the Grounds of the Crystal Palace, London.

SEVERAL attempts have been made to drive railway cars by pneumatic pressure, hitherto with but indifferent success. There is now in operation, in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, London, however, a working model of one invented by T. W. Rammell, C.E., which seems to contain elements of success. It extends from the Sydenham entrance to the Armory, near the Penge gate, the distance of about one-third of a mile. Our illustration will enable our readers to understand the operation of this curious road.

A brickwork tunnel, about ten feet high by nine feet wide, and capable of admitting very large cars, is laid with a single track, fitted with opening and closing valves at each end, and supplied with apparatus for propelling a train by a strong draught behind, when it goes one way, and by pumping the air away in front when it goes the other.

The motive power is supplied by this contrivance: At the departure-station a large fan-wheel, with an iron disc, concave in surface, and 22 feet in diameter, is made to revolve by the aid of a small stationary engine, at such speed as may be required, the pressure of the air increasing, of course, according to the rapidity of the revolutions, and thus generating the force necessary to send the heavy carriage up a steeper incline than is to be found upon any existing railway. The disc gyrates in an iron case resembling that of a huge paddle-wheel, and from its broad periphery the particles of air stream off in strong currents.

When driving the air into the upper end of the tunnel to propel the down train, fresh quantities rush to the surface of the disc to supply the partial vacuum thus created; and, on the other hand, when the disc is exhausting the air in the tunnel, with the view of drawing back the up-train, the air rushes out in a perfect hurricane from the escape valves of the disc case.

When the down journey is to be performed the breaks are taken off the wheels and the carriage moves by its own momentum into the mouth of the tube, passing in its course over a deep air-well in the floor, covered with an iron grating. Upon this opening a gust of wind is sent by the disc, when a valve, formed by a pair of iron doors, hung like lock-gates, immediately closes firmly over the entrance of the tunnel, confining the increasing atmospheric pressure between the valve and the rear of the carriage. The force being thus brought to bear upon the end of the train, the latter, shut up within the tube, glides smoothly along towards its destination, the revolving disc keeping up the motive power until it reaches the steep incline, whence its own momentum again suffices to carry it the rest of the distance.

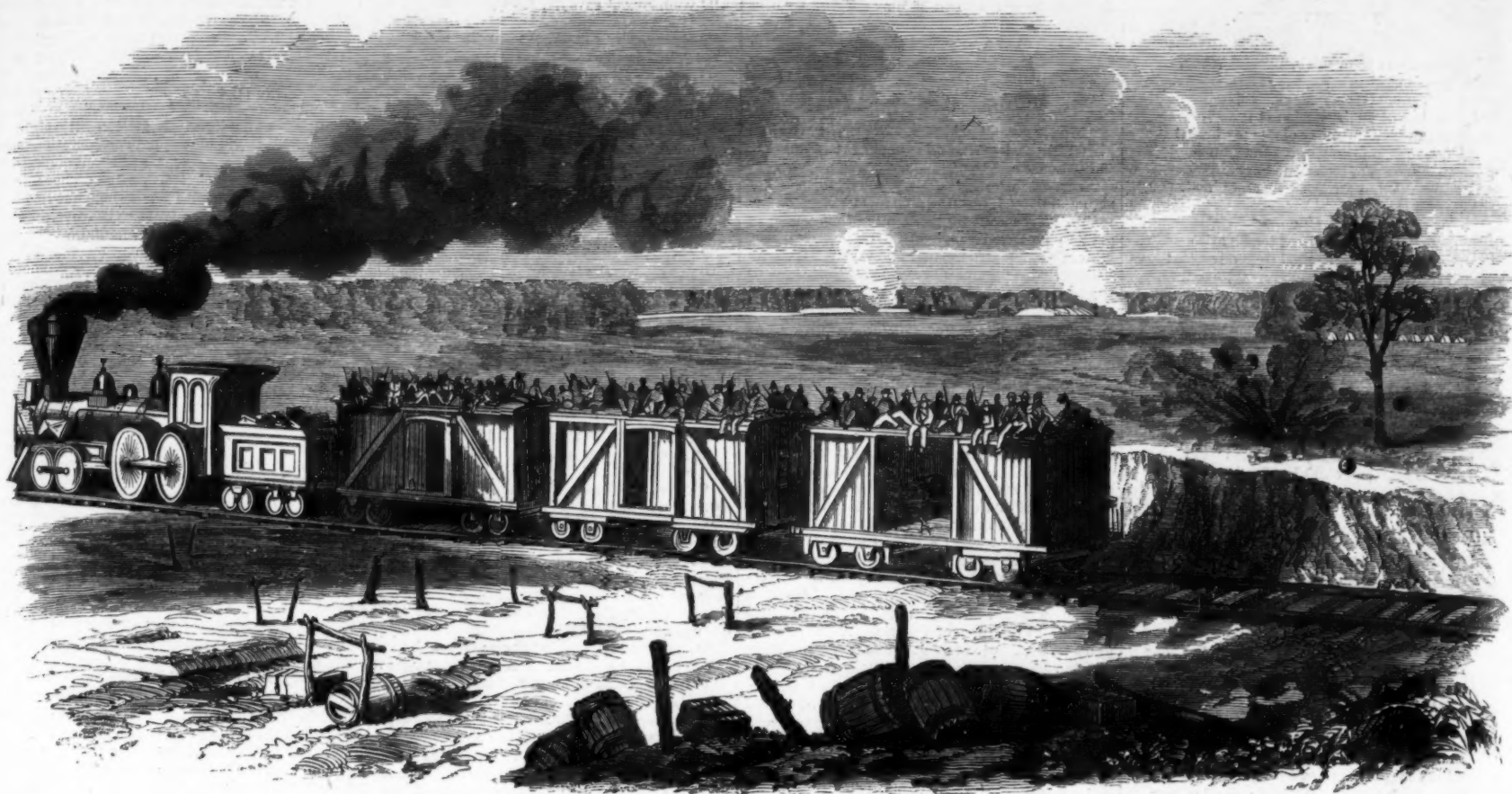
The return journey, on the contrary, is effected by the aid of the exhausting process. At a given signal a valve is opened, and the disc-wheel set to work in withdrawing the air from the tube. Near the upper end of the tube there is a large aperture, or side-vault, which forms the throat through which the air is exhausted, the iron doors at the terminus still being kept shut. In a second or two the train posted at the lower terminus, yielding to the exhausting process going on in its front, and urged by the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere from behind, moves off on its upward journey; and, rapidly ascending the incline, approaches the iron gates, which fly open to receive it, and it emerges at once into daylight.

Instead of a train being used at Sydenham, there is one very long, roomy and comfortable carriage, resembling an elongated omnibus, and capable of accommodating some 30 or 35 passengers. Passengers enter this carriage at each end, and the entrances are closed with sliding glass doors. Fixed behind the carriage there is a framework of the same form, and nearly the same dimensions, as the sectional area of the tunnel, and attached to the outer edge of this frame is a fringe of bristles, forming a thick brush. As the carriage moves along through the tunnel the brush comes in close contact with the arched brickwork, so as to prevent the escape of the air. With this elastic collar round it, the carriage forms a close-fitting piston, against which the propulsive force is directed.

Although the curve of the tunnel is unusually sharp, being of eight chains radius, and the gradients are as high as 1 in 15 (those of Holborn Hill being only 1 in 18), it is surprising that the motion is much steadier and pleasanter than ordinary railway travelling. The journey of 600 yards is performed, either way, in about 50 seconds, with an atmospheric pressure of only two ounces and a half to the square inch; but a higher rate of speed, if desirable, can easily be obtained.



MAN-OF-WAR'S MEN.—SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY LUMLEY.



GRANT'S RAILROAD—THE REBELS SHELLING THE TRAIN AT THE EXPOSED POINT FROM CEMETERY HILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

GRANT'S RAILROAD.

We follow up the interesting sketches of Grant's railroad last week by two which need some explanation. At one point the road is very much exposed and the cars are certain to be saluted by shells from a rebel battery. Our Special Artist sketches this path of danger, and also shows how Gen. Grant is providing a remedy by throwing up works to protect the passing trains. Although the rebels shell constantly no serious injury has been done, and yet the missiles fall around and strike quite near. In one case a keg of spikes was struck and the contents sent in a most dangerous manner for a considerable distance in all directions.

ANCIENT HOUSE ON THE FAIRFAX ESTATE.

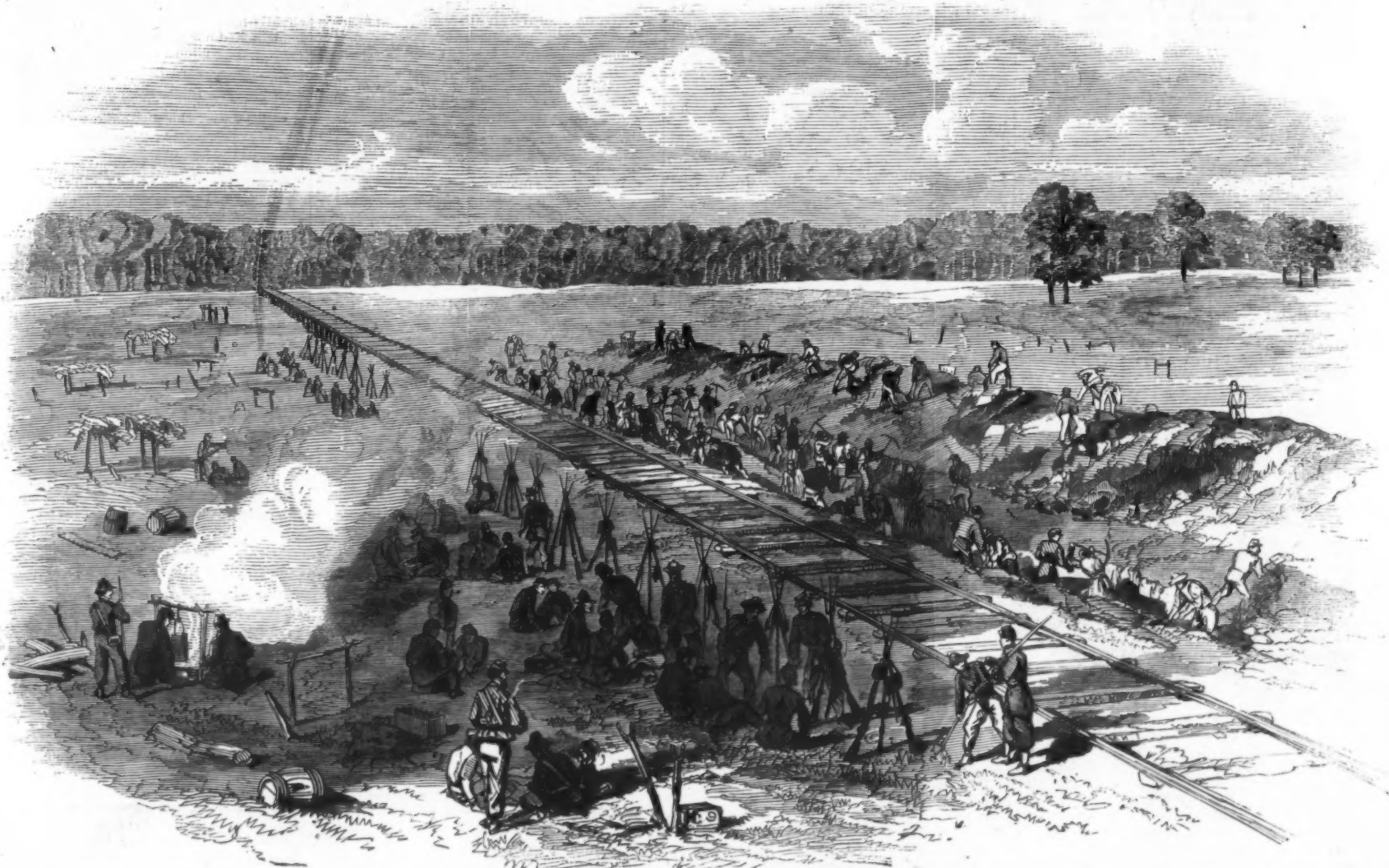
The Fairfax estate, confiscated at the Revolution for the



ANCIENT HOUSE ON THE FAIRFAX ESTATE, NOW OWNED BY MR. DENNY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

loyalty of its possessor, Lord Fairfax, the friend of Washington in youth, was one of immense size and value. It comprised nearly the whole of 17 modern Virginia counties, and has been the theatre of most of the battles fought in the present war between the Potomac and the Rapidan. When its owner heard of the surrender of Cornwallis he called his body servant: "Come, James, take me to bed, it is time for me to die." Memorials of its ancient lordly proprietor still remain, and our Artist has sketched one ancient house with its curious dove-cote near at hand. This antique dwelling is now owned by Mr. Denny, a good Union man.

A new method of depriving gold ores of sulphur has been introduced at the mines of Pike's Peak. It consists in reducing the ores to fine dust, then forcing the dust by a draft through a flame of pine wood.



GRANT'S RAILROAD—REINFORCED BRIDGE PART OF THE SECOND CORPS THROWING UP WORKS TO PROTECT THE PASSING TRAINS FROM THE REBEL BATTERY ON CEMETERY HILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

THE LEAFLESS BOWER—A RETROSPECT.

BY THOMAS POWELL.

I.

WHEN I was young—oh, blissful When,
I was as glad as other men;
Now I am old—ah, woeful Now,
A weight of sorrow girds my brow—
The thorns of memory pierce my brain!
Ah, vanished joys, ye give the pain—
The presence of the silent Past
Makes the dim Future dark and ghast.

II.

How from their hallowed tombs arise
The forms long shrouded from our eyes:
The father, who toiled life away,
And she who taught us first to pray—
Sisters and brothers, loving band,
Once more in thought around me stand—
But dearer far the tender wife,
Who sweetened all our daily life,
And gently helped us to sustain
The wearied heart and faded brain—
Whose smile was light, and whose pure kiss
Enparadised a world of bliss;
And lounging on her loving knee
A little prattling child I see—
All sleep where I ere long shall rest,
The deep grave's uncomplaining guest.

III.

Oh, that the past for one brief hour
Could bring them to the leafless bower,
In which I drowse away the time
In mournful dreams or joyless rhyme—
As mid the boughs, so black and sear,
The moans of perished hopes I hear—
Sepulchral voices heard among
Bare ruined choirs where birds once sung!
That I might speak the unspoken weight
Of love that makes me desolate—
And unsay bitter words once said
In anger to the injured dead—
That I might gain one smile, and hear
Once more those tones, now doubly dear—
'Tis only when the loved are gone
We know what 'tis to be alone.

IV.

'Tis vain—'tis vain—the dead are dumb—
They cannot to my longing come,
But I shall go to them—God speed
The hour when living men shall read
The silent stone above my head
Which tells I slumber with the dead.

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MISSING MAGNET—ATTRACTION ABSENT.

It was close upon five o'clock the next day when Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn arrived at Beechwood Manor. It was already dark, and the old house with its brilliant windows threw a hundred reflections out upon the snow. The hall, with its huge red lamp and blazing log fire, looked cheerful and comfortable to the weary travellers. Miss Mervyn rubbed her dazzled eyes and glanced about her. She was apt to sentimentalise in all weathers and on all occasions; it was almost her only fault. In this case most people would have warmed themselves first, and kept their transports for future discussion. But Miss Mervyn was so constituted that this was impossible to her.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, regarding the oak settle with eyes of almost tearful tenderness, "how many, many happy days I have passed here!"

"Not in the hall, my dear, surely?" said her brother, who, though tolerably virtuous, was intolerably matter-of-fact.

"So very many happy days!" continued Miss Mervyn, not heeding his interruption, and straying into soliloquy for want of appreciation. "But one can't be always young and gay; the time will pass."

"That's rather a trite aphorism, Selina, my dear."

"So it is, Anthony, I know," replied his sister, with perfect gentleness; "but it is one woman of my age gets into the habit of repeating, fancying that, because it is so true, it must needs be new also."

But Mr. Mervyn had given his attention to the butler, who was carefully helping him off with his great coat.

"Thank you, thank you; my painful infirmity renders me peculiarly indebted to any one for some small assistance of this kind. Selina, my dear, if you are ready, we will proceed towards the drawing-room by small stages. Mr. Marsh knows how I am situated with regard to my unfortunately feeble legs, and will, therefore, make every excuse for our delay. Thank you, Simmons, if you will have the goodness to precede us, only gently, if you please."

But at this moment Mr. Marsh came downstairs to welcome his guests and conduct them to his wife. Miss Mervyn looked at him with eyes of earnest interrogation. The last time she had been at Beechwood, she remembered so well that Nina had been waiting for her in the hall, not allowing any one but her herself to remove her travelling cloak, and warming her cheeks and her heart both with her glad impulsive kisses. And now it was so different. Had Nina ceased to care for her old friend? The very suspicion turned all Miss Mervyn's pleasure into pain. Mr. Marsh's cordial greetings left no sense of satisfaction behind. A chill had come over her, all the stronger that this visit had created such pleasant anticipation beforehand, and appeared to offer itself as a solution of so many doubts and fears. Nina

must be away from home, she felt sure. Had she been at Beechwood she must certainly have come to welcome her earlier, if only for the sake of keeping the contrast between her past and present feelings from the eyes of the servants. Indeed, so convinced did Miss Mervyn feel of Nina's absence, that she never even made a question of her presentiment, but quietly resigned herself to circumstances.

"Nina is gone," said Mrs. Marsh, after she had kissed Miss Mervyn, and made her very welcome to the house and the fireside.

"Yes, I see," answered the other, with a low sigh and pained, disappointed look.

Mrs. Marsh said no more after this, and was glad to be saved the effort. It seemed to her, from Miss Mervyn's manner and words, that there had really been some misunderstanding between the two, and she thought by probing the wound in the dark she should rather hurt than heal. So she busied herself in making every arrangement for Miss Mervyn's comfort without speaking another word in reference to Nina's departure.

Still, in this case, more than in any other, Nina had been Miss Mervyn's special attraction at Beechwood, and all the kindness shown her by the others could not compensate to her for the lack of those attentions she had been accustomed to receive from Nina. She tried to appear happy; she even carried her magnanimity so far as to inwardly declare that Nina was quite right not to deny herself an agreeable visit for the sake of a tiresome old woman's company; she went further still, and tried to believe that she had in some way provoked this desertion; but still down deep in Miss Mervyn's heart there was a certain sense of ill-usage which she would not acknowledge, just as there had been at the time of Colonel St. George's ungracious avoidance of explanations she so ardently desired.

Three days of Miss Mervyn's visit had already passed, and still she heard nothing of Nina's whereabouts. By tacit consent her name was avoided in the household. Mr. Marsh was displeased with her, and Mrs. Marsh, although her heart still yearned towards her favorite daughter, scarcely dared speak of her, lest the habit of unreserved confidence should tempt her into the divulging some of her own miserable doubts and fears. Katie pined after her, and the more, too, that some instinct taught her she would be wise to keep this feeling to herself. Katie appeared to be somewhat stronger just now, although not radically better. Captain Marsh had proposed that she should learn to ride, thinking that the exercise might be beneficial to her; and every day he might be seen, when the sun was warm and bright, leading her pony up and down the terrace, and making it very pleasant to Katie by his cheerful words and careful tending. Somehow or other, Katie never thought to thank him on these occasions. She seemed to divine instinctively that he was pleasuring himself as well as her; and that, even if he could have thought of any reward, her warm affection and clinging dependence would have satisfied him on every point.

Meanwhile, Mr. Marsh was not so agreeably employed. Mr. Mervyn was one of those men whom conscientious relatives should never allow to make visits. Although perfectly harmless and well-meaning, it was wonderful how much disturbance he created in a household, and how difficult he was to amuse. Mr. Marsh resigned all his favorite employments, and gave himself up to a species of martyrdom, and yet Mr. Mervyn looked inexpressibly and affably bored. He could not walk; he did not care to drive; the very suggestion of riding filled him with reproachful dismay; he was no reader, looking with indifference even on the *Times*; when, therefore, he had turned his thumbs from right to left all the morning, and made everybody in the room feel idle and uncomfortable, he had only to repeat the operation in the reverse direction through the afternoon.

Assuredly, Mrs. Mervyn, *mère*, had made a great mistake in bringing him into the world at all, for what good he did in it no one could possibly tell. This was not our opinion originally; it is only right to specify that it was pirated from the servant's hall, where Mr. Mervyn was not regarded in a favorable light.

"What's the good of his being born? he doesn't do no good to anybody," said Miss Wells to Jim, the under groom. "It's my belief he worrits master's seven senses out of him with his nasty womanish ways. He can't do this, and he won't do that, and he must have this, and he mustn't have that; and I declare if he just steps outside the door he must be wrapped up in three great coats and two comforters. I'm sure I wonder he doesn't have himself lined inside with fur; he's finikin enough for that any day!"

"Well," said Jim, in reply, "I don't like to see gentlemen coddle themselves so, I must say. If he's made of crockery, and is afeard of breaking, what makes him pay visits?"

"That's my opinion. People who are so pitiful when they are out should stay at home. I know what I'd do if I was master."

"Well, what?"

"I wouldn't invite him. But I played him a pretty trick the night before last, and no mistake," added Eliza, with a little glow of triumph. "He won't be so disagreeable for some time to come, it strikes me."

"What did you do?"

"Well, you must know he has been complaining every day how bad his bed was made; 'it wasn't shook enough,' he said; 'there was lumps in it as big as your fist, and as to sleeping in it, and so on, he couldn't think of such a thing.' Well, last night he rings the bell quite late, and when Mr. Simmons answered it he says, imperious like:—

"Send up the girl who makes my bed."

"So up I goes, and there stands my lord fretting and fuming, with the counterpane on the floor, and his room in the biggest mess you ever saw."

"Mary Ann," says he.

"My name's Miss Wells, commonly called

Eliza," says I, rather short, for I didn't feel in the best of tempers.

"Well, Eliza," says he, "is that what you call a Christian bed?"

"It was, sir," says I, "before you slept in it. I know, but I can't tell what it may be now."

"Don't be impudent, young woman, he makes answer, 'or I shall inform your mistress. Now look here. There's ice on the ground an inch thick, and we are in the middle of February, and yet upon my word, you consider three blankets—only three, mind—a proper proportion for a delicate man. I ask you, young woman, a simple question, and I beg that you will answer it according to your conscience."

"Well, but you haven't asked me any question yet," says I.

"Yes I have—don't prevaricate, young woman," says he; "I inquired if three blankets were sufficient for a delicate man when it's the middle of February and ice on the ground an inch thick?"

"I'm not accustomed to see to delicate men. I didn't know their ways was so different to other people's; but, if you want more blankets, I can get you some out of the store-room," says I.

"Not to-night; I will endure the hardship for this once," says he; but, mind me, if I catch a severe cold, and am laid up, you will be bound to pay my doctor's bill."

"I wish you may get well on the money you screw out of me," thinks I as I goes downstairs.

"Well, yesterday morning, when I made his bed, I got ten blankets out of the store-room—all there was left—and crammed them on his bed without saying anything to anybody. He didn't ring for me last night, but when he came down this morning I happened to meet him in the passage."

"Eliza, you miserable young woman," he says, looking as if he was all in a tremble, "what did you do to my bed last night? I haven't closed my eyes. I was in a perfect fever, and was so consumed with thirst that I drank the whole carafe-full of water in the course of the night."

"Dear me, sir, do you think you've got the scarlet fever?" says I, looking very innocent; "I know it's pretty much about, and lots of people have died of it."

"Oh, Eliza! as you value my peace of mind, don't say that! it's my peculiar horror. I couldn't survive it! I've no stamina, and my unfortunate peculiarity—"

"Well, sir, it is very unfortunate, when you are out upon a visit, too."

"But you're quite sure it wasn't your fault, Eliza? Did you make the bed properly?"

"I shook it up well, sir."

"And how many blankets did you put on?"

"Only thirteen, sir."

"Only thirteen! then that accounts for it! I wonder I'm not dead, I'm sure! Thirteen blankets! Mercy, mercy me!"

"And he went off, too thunderstruck to grumble; but it's a pity if I haven't given him a lesson."

"Well, Eliza, I will say one thing for you—you are a girl of pluck, and no mistake!" exclaimed Jim, admiringly. "If you have got some savings, and have a mind to settle, I'll take you, and willing."

"And what about the public?" said Eliza, taking care not to deny the soft impeachment with reference to savings.

"Hang the public!" said Jim.

"You'd better cut it," answered Eliza, meaningly.

"Well, I don't mind which it is," replied Jim, who was naturally of an accommodating disposition.

"But you'll have to take to minding that, and more things besides, if you want me."

And then Miss Wells went off to her duties, feeling that she had profited by her opportunities as well as could be expected.

Mr. and Miss Mervyn had originally decided to remain a week at Beechwood, but on the morning in which the conversation recorded above took place between the under housemaid and the lower groom, Mr. Mervyn went to his sister, and expressed his intention of leaving the next day.

"You know, Selina, you can do as you like, but I am quite determined to be out of this house by to-morrow evening."

"But, my dear Anthony, what is the matter?" said Miss Mervyn, speaking rather hurriedly, perhaps, in surprise.

"Don't be so impulsive, Selina!" exclaimed her brother, reproachfully; "you know how weak my nerves are, and what a shattered constitution mine is. I require the greatest care and quiet, besides unremitting attention. I am not fit to pay visits."

Miss Mervyn certainly could have indorsed his last sentiment with all cordiality had she felt so inclined.

"And, my dear," he went on, "I understand that scarlet fever is raging in the neighborhood, and you know it is my especial horror. I should be sure to catch it. Last night I was consumed with fever, and that miserable girl who attends to my room put thirteen—actually thirteen—blankets on my bed."

"Then no wonder you were consumed with fever."

"Selina, oblige me by not discussing any medical questions; you do not understand them, and you know that I have always been painfully averse to anything like an argument."

"My dear Anthony, I had no intention of arguing—the matter is so clear."

"Oblige me, Selina,"—and here Mr. Mervyn put up both his hands in solemn deprecation. "Chirurgery is out of a woman's province altogether, indeed it is."

"Then you certainly leave to-morrow?" said his sister, by way of turning the conversation.

"Selina!" exclaimed Mr. Mervyn, looking completely outraged, "when did you ever know me to break my word?"

I did not understand that you had quite decided."

"I am not of a vacillating, erratic temperament, as you must be convinced. What I have once said I hold by. At the same time, although your natural guardian and responsible protector in the eyes of the law, I lay no commands on you. Do exactly as you feel inclined."

"If you go, I may as well go too."

And then Miss Mervyn gave a little sigh. In spite of all the kindness and consideration shown her, her visit had not been a pleasant one. Nina's unexplained absence had weighed on her mind all through. This young friend, whom she had loved with all the affection of her warm, weak, trustful heart, had rejected her love, and gone away, probably, that they might not meet. And, thinking on these things, Miss Mervyn not only sighed, but allowed herself to believe that she should be more comfortable altogether when away from Beechwood.

When this question was settled, Miss Mervyn went straight to Mrs. Marsh to acquaint her with her intention. Mrs. Marsh remonstrated, but rather feebly, perhaps. She had been living in constant dread lest Miss Mervyn should learn Nina's near neighborhood, and either express a wish to see her or demand the reason of her absence. It was, therefore, with a certain sense of relief leaving her actual regret that Mrs. Marsh heard of her friend's intention of leaving on the morrow. Lord Gillingham was to dine at the Manor House that evening. Mr. Marsh had met him in the road, just after breakfast, and his lordship had managed to make it plainly understood that he should like to be invited, and so Mr. Marsh had invited him. But it is not clear to us that Mr. Marsh was not guilty of deception when he refrained from telling the earl that Nina would not be there, since to see her could be his lordship's only object in seeking this invitation.

Lord Gillingham had learnt enough of the habits of Mr. Marsh's family to know that Nina was always first in the drawing-room of an evening. He had, therefore, calculated upon ten precious minutes alone with her before the others should assemble. He would speak out plainly then. She would be seated in an armchair, he should be standing over her, watching the clear bloom mount to her soft cheeks, and the silken eyelashes fall over the deep gray eyes. Presently he should take the little tremulous hand in his own, and then the earl reflected that it might even be pleasant to kneel down beside her and catch a new phase of her most glorious beauty. And then he should kiss her, of course—a kiss of betrothal, as was his right; and the earl, in his villainous heart, gloated over the thought of touching the pure young red of those sweet lips. Lord Gillingham, midway in his evil career, began to think a virtuous passion not only possible, but actually stimulating.

He was drawing this pretty picture, dreaming this pleasant dream, all the way to Beechwood. He was in high good-humor when he alighted from his horse.

"Here, Pierce, he said to the groom who had followed him, "take this sovereign and buy a ribbon for your sweetheart."

Pierce touched his hat with one hand and pocketed the coin with the other.

"Let Mary know that you've orders to be here at ten o'clock, and that she mustn't keep you a minute beyond, or no more ribbons, eh, Pierce?"

And then his lordship entered the house.

He was shown into the house, and waited there with exemplary patience full ten minutes. Then Mrs. Marsh came in, looking as if she had been slightly hurried over her toilette. Lord Gillingham greeted her almost eagerly, for he was growing tired of solitude, and was, besides, anxious to ascertain why Nina had departed from her usual habit. He mentioned her name, inquiring tenderly after her health.

"Thank you, she was quite well when she left us," said Mrs. Marsh; "but I have not heard from her since she went."

"Miss Nina, then, is away?"

"She is staying a few days with Miss Dawes."

"With Miss Dawes? I had no idea there was any particular friendship between them."

"I don't think there is; only they have been near neighbors since childhood."

"I hope, then, Mr. Dawes isn't Nina's attraction at Gladshelles?"

Mrs. Marsh—a lady every inch of her—looked up perfectly astonished at the earl's impertinence. I really think his lordship felt a little ashamed as he met the clear, contemptuous glance of those beautiful eyes. At any rate, he knew that he had made a mistake, and hastened to rectify it.

"This was a mere joke, of course," he added, in a tone of frank *bonhomie*. "No one could give Miss Nina credit for such arrant bad taste."

Mrs. Marsh thought that Nina would be guilty of far worse if she chose the earl, confident though he might be as to his own advantages. But he had entered the room at this moment, and she turned away, only too glad to be spared the annoyance of entertaining such a disagreeable guest. The earl could not get over his disappointment. He was in one of his cynical, capricious temper all the evening, and, but for the tact of Captain Marsh and the quiet dignity of the old squire, would have broken out into absolute rudeness long before the ladies had retired. As it was, he and Mr. Mervyn launched little malicious shafts at each other across the dinner-table with visible aim and significance.

Just like all people who are conspicuously disagreeable in their peculiarities, Mr. Mervyn had a quick eye for the failings of others, and the smallest possible patience with them when discovered. He seemed to forget to-night that his nervous irritability might be as unpleasant in its effect upon others as the earl's cynicism was on him. He had discovered early in the evening that Lord Gillingham was very tenacious of his rank, although his conduct was so wanting in true nobility, and Mr. Mervyn became an obstinate democrat on the spot.

At last he capped the climax by forsaking his new principles in order to declare that there was no earl or marquis in the kingdom to whom he would yield precedence in point of good blood, for that his family was the most ancient in all England.

"Do you know what you are talking about?" exclaimed the earl, turning upon him brutally, and glaring at him through his red, bleared eyes.

"I believe I may venture to assert that I do," answered Mr. Mervyn, in a tone of smooth obstinacy. "My friends here will tell you that I never speak without due deliberation."

"Then, egad, sir, I tell you what—one hair of my head is better bred than your whole body."

"The scantiness of your lordship's hair takes a good deal from the force of the insult," said Mr. Mervyn, with an elaborate bow.

"Or rather—the joke," put in Captain Marsh, placing himself between the combatants. "My lord, you will surely take another glass of hook? I have heard my uncle say that you prefer it to anything. Mr. Mervyn, I know your partiality for old port, you will find that good; it has been in the cellar, I believe, over twenty years. If neither of you will be persuaded to any further patronage of my uncle's wine, perhaps we had better join the ladies. Uncle, have I your permission to open the door?"

The gentlemen all rose at this; but, even when amongst the ladies once more, it required the happiest art on Captain Marsh's side, and the greatest care on that of Mr. Marsh, to keep the intractable earl from another and more serious dispute with the captious democrat, and it was greatly to the relief of all parties when Lord Gillingham rose and bade them good-night.

CHAPTER XVI.—JACK DAWES' TURN'S REFORMER.

MEANWHILE Nina was passing a really pleasant time at Gladshelles. Here she had no part to play, and she might be herself—smile when she felt that she could smile, and look melancholy when gaiety was impossible. Anna Dawes' prejudice against her beautiful guest was somewhat dissipated by intimacy. She did not wonder at Jack's partiality now; she would have wondered, indeed, knowing Nina well, that any one should not love her. Only Anna divined that which Jack's love and hope kept him from realising—Nina liked him greatly as a friend, but had no feeling beyond. She would have warned Jack of this, only she thought such words would come best from Nina's lips, and softened by a tear in those beautiful eyes, might possibly sound less hopeless and cruel. Jack seemed resolved to tempt his fate. He lay on his bed of a night, restless and wakeful, trying to frame a short sentence which should ably express all he intended to say. He dared not trust himself with long phrases—he knew that he should certainly break down; but he fancied that it might be easy to manage it all by a few words. Only when he did really speak, it was strange how widely he diverged from the plan he had set down.

Nina was early in the drawing-room, as usual, that evening. Her simple toilette was always quickly made; besides, a quiet half-hour in the dim light was growing pleasant to her again. But Jack had learnt her habits, and thought the opportunity an excellent one for his purpose.

"She will hear me stammering, perhaps," thought Jack to himself, "but she won't she me blush, and I don't want to look like a coward after I've been at the pains of getting my pluck up for the occasion."

When Jack entered the room, Nina was seated by the fire, looking into the fire, dreaming. She turned when she saw him, and smiled up into his face.

"You see I make myself quite at home."

"Do you, Miss Nina?" said Jack, feeling hopelessly uncertain as to the availability of his treasured resources.

"I hope you've been comfortable here, Miss Nina?" was Jack's next step towards his mighty revelation. "Nan can make herself pleasant when she likes now, can't she?"

"No one could have been kinder than Miss Dawes."

"And cheerful?"

"Very cheerful," answered Nina, confiding her smile of amusement to the fire alone.

"You wouldn't call this a dull house—I mean to live in—should you?" questioned Jack, displaying some anxiety as to the reply.

"A dull house!—oh, dear me, no!"

"But it wouldn't be exactly what you would call amusing, Miss Nina?"

"If you are treated kindly in a place, it must be agreeable to you. One's happiness always depends upon people, not upon places."

"Does it really now, do you think, Miss Nina?"

"Of course—with us, if not with cats."

"What about the cats?" said Jack.

And his tone was a little disappointed now, Nina thought, though why she could not comprehend.

"Don't they say that cats attach themselves to a locality, and not to the people in it?"

"Do they say so? I never heard it; but you know best. You are so clever, Miss Nina—cleverer than Nan by a clear hand—and she's not a fool. But somehow, you seem to know everything—everything it's best to know, I mean—not Latin and all that stuff. It isn't any good learning Latin now, is it?"

"I don't know—everybody does; so perhaps it is better not to be behind the rest."

"You think so?"

And Jack was silent a minute or two, growing thoughtful as he turned his eyes upon the fire.

"Miss Nina," he said presently, "would it be any use my trying to get myself up in Latin now?"

"I don't think it would. Why, have you any ambition that way?"

"Well, I begin to fancy I've wasted my time sadly. I wish I'd stuck to my books when I was young. I suppose no one could care for a man who didn't know Latin?"

Jack spoke in a tone of helpless appeal that

Nina's heart. It is sad when a man begins to feel his own deficiencies so acutely, and to mourn over the wasted opportunities it is now too late to redeem. She answered him very gently—

"I don't think men are really liked for those acquirements. It is advisable, we know, not to be behind others; at the same time, I fancy that you would like a person you were going to like even before you inquired whether he was a good scholar. One would be inclined to ask what sort of disposition and heart he had, and when satisfied on this point, one would not so much care about learning and so on. Still, I do not mean to infer that talent and knowledge are not very valuable and certain advantages to their possessor; I only wish to make it understood that some other qualities are of more use here and hereafter."

"But it's not quite against anybody's being liked, not having talent, and all that sort of thing?"

"Not if they are good-hearted and well-principled."

"I wonder if I am?" said Jack, speaking to himself rather than to Nina. "What do people do when they are? I'm afraid I don't show many kindnesses to people; but it isn't because I don't want to—it's because I don't know how. I wish I could do more what was right. Somehow I always had the notion that if I took care of Nan, and made her comfortable, I hadn't anything more to think about besides amusing myself. I'm afraid I got wrong at starting, and the worst of it is I don't know how to get right again."

"But the care and comfort of Miss Dawes were your first and greatest duties," said Nina, gently.

Jack started. He had hardly been aware that he was speaking aloud. He had been following out his thoughts without reference to Nina for the moment, and it seemed almost an encouragement to his hopes that his answer should have been vouchsafed. Jack was no metaphysician. His mind, what he had of it, was too ponderous and awkward for fine distinctions. He could not see very far in front of him by reason of the dimness of his lights; but, to do him justice, he went steadily over every obstacle in the space allotted to his understanding.

There are more like Jack Dawes—men who would be so excellent if they only knew how—men who are always striving to do right, wondering where they can learn, and what stands in their way, and yet following their own devices all the same, whatever their tendency, and making it quite unintelligible to mere lookers-on how their course of action can be accompanied by any anxious wish after better things. It is like the stone Sisyphus was doomed to roll up the steep hill—their good resolutions were always thrown back upon them again, and the result of their effort at ascent is merely a rough fall. Maybe they will never land their burden safe beyond peril of renewed accidents, but we would rather trust them with near and dear interests than the man who yearns vaguely at times to reach the summit, but, frightened at the view of other's struggles, falls back from the attempt, and, stifling his conscience, goes along the smooth path in undisturbed peace.

Jack's deep, earnest passion for Nina had suddenly opened the eyes of his understanding. He began to realise now that his life had not been altogether so good as it might have been, and he longed to learn from the wisdom of others what he might do to redeem his past and make himself worthy of a woman's love.

"Yes, I know I ought to see to Nan first," he said, after a long pause; "but isn't there anything else for me to do? I don't go to church on Sundays—that is to say, regular—I suppose I ought. Nan tells me so sometimes; but then she makes out I'm to do it for the sake of what people will say, and the look of the thing."

"I am afraid a great many regular attendants have no better reason to give, if they spoke the truth."

"I shall sell my hunters," said Jack, who was becoming a most enthusiastic reformer.

"But why? I shouldn't if I were you."

"Don't you think I ought?"

"Certainly not."

"Then hadn't I better get rid of my dogs?"

"Why should you?"

"Mustn't I do something? Ah! I know. I'll give up going to fairs."

"There it would be advisable to reform."

"And races," added Jack, determined to stop at no sacrifice Nina considered necessary, although this time his tone was disappointed and dubious.

"I am no fitting judge in such matters, and ought not, perhaps, to give you advice; but amusement and variety are essential to everybody, and, therefore, I think, if you go to races as a mere looker-on, and do not bet, there is no reason why you should deny yourself this pleasure."

Jack's face brightened unmistakably.

"Do you think so, Miss Nina? I shouldn't mind about giving them up—at least, not so very much—if you told me it was right."

"I am no judge in such matters, as I said before. I cannot see any harm in races myself, without the betting, but still—"

"Somebody else might."

"A few do, I dare say."

"I only care about what you think in such matters," said Jack, significantly. "Some people are so squeamish, they call everything wrong. I want to do what is right, and go some way towards leading a better life; but being dull isn't particularly Christianlike, as I can see. A prig isn't a saint. I don't care to make a show of being wiser, my wish is to get the real thing itself. Only you must show me how, Miss Nina; I can't go a step myself."

Nina had risen and stood against the mantelpiece, looking down into the fire.

"You mustn't ask advice of me," she said, with a look of sad humility. "I am not fit to give it. You can't be more painfully alive to your deficiencies than I am to mine."

"I always thought you were quite perfect, Miss Nina."

"I was," said Jack, looking down into the fire.

"You mustn't ask advice of me," she said, with a look of sad humility. "I am not fit to give it. You can't be more painfully alive to your deficiencies than I am to mine."

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"I was? Ah, Mr. Dawes, you cannot tell how very, very far wrong you have been! Perhaps some of these days you will know all, and consider yourself aggrieved that I should have asked to sleep under the same roof with your sister. But try to think of me a little kindly even then. You cannot tell how sore pressed I was, how tempted and weakened—and I was so young."

Nina had sunk upon her knees, and was bending down until her face was almost touching the ground at his feet. It seemed strange that she should choose such a confidant as Jack Dawes, but she had truly said that her miserable secret was eating into her very heart. She could forget it for a few minutes, and she had even found it to be possible to appear cheerful, even when she did not feel so; but there was always a sort of vague yearning within her to tell of her sins and hear some voice say that they might be forgiven her. She knew of the greatness of mercy promised to all those who repent, but she could not believe that she was within the pale of those promises.

If any one had told her that she should seek this comfort from Jack Dawes, she would have scouted the idea with the utmost fervor; but now, as she knelt there before him, she longed to hear his words of pardon, she seemed to find safety in his earnestness and simplicity. She could not forfeit much by telling him her miserable secrets, and it would bring relief to her mind. If he should despise her when all was told, she could but leave him, there was no such tie between them that her heart must receive a new blow from their separation; if he could think pardon possible for her she should feel stronger. And Nina did tell Jack, pouring out her confession with vehement self-reproach as she bent low at his feet.

Jack listened gravely, incredulously at first, but no one could doubt the sincerity of a person who willingly and wittingly criminated herself so fatally. When she had finished, she buried her face in her hands, and awaited his first words as a prisoner awaiting the sentence of her judge.

Jack moved away, and paced the room a few moments with a stern, darkening face, from which all the ruddy color had flown at her first words. Presently he came back to where she stood and spoke to her, but his voice was not the cheery, pleasant voice of an hour ago.

"You have kept back nothing from me?"

"Nothing—can I be forgiven?" She uncovered her face again now, and gave him a look of anxious supplication.

He struggled a moment with something in him—a doubt, a fear, whatever it might be; then he knelt down at her side, took her cold hands in his own, and said, passionately:

"I can forgive you, Nina, for I love you so blindly."

"Not now, Jack—you can't love me now."

"Yes, Nina, I love you now, I shall love you for ever. If Nan were away out of my home, I would still ask you to come to it; but as it is—"

"You think I oughtn't to stop here?"

"How should I know? Oh, Nina! I can't see plainly. I don't know what is right to be done, I tell you, for I love you so blindly. I could trust you now the same as ever. Oh, my darling! my darling! that you should have done this thing!" He broke off suddenly, and wrung his hands with hopeless sorrow.

"I was tempted beyond my strength," she answered, humbly, "and I have repented so earnestly since! Oh, do tell me, Jack, would not God forgive me? It is so sad at nineteen to feel with out hope."

"Poor little one," said Jack, laying his huge palm lovingly over her bent head. "I don't understand much about such things, but I can't help thinking that, if you're sorry for what you've done, and didn't mean it to be as it was, God will forgive you."

"I am sorry, Jack, and I would willingly take all the shame if I might be spared that one great dread. I have suffered so—"

"I know you have, poor darling"—and the great rough fellow spoke very softly from his tenderness—"I know you have. People can't do wrong without suffering for it, if they've got any heart; but it's just the suffering that washes out the sin, according to my way of thinking. I look upon you the same as if you had never told me this, and am as proud to have you here; but there's Nan, you see. She was left to me in a queer sort of way, and I feel as if I ought to take more care of her than an ordinary brother would. If the day was ever to come when she could turn on me and say that she'd gone wrong through my fault, and because I'd thought of my pleasure before her good, I believe I should die of shame. She wasn't higher than my hand when she was first trusted to me, and I've always had my fears that I shouldn't do what was right by her. But if Nan was to marry now, and you could come to like me a bit, I would do all I could to make you happy; and as to that thing ever being spoken of between us, I'd cut my tongue out before I'd remind you that you'd ever told me. I know I'm a rough sort of a fellow, and not made for a lady's liking; but perhaps the day may come, Miss Nina, when you'll be glad to have a quiet home and a loving heart to go to, without having any wretched stories to tell all over again; and then, if you could make up your mind to care for me a little, I know I should be very happy, and I would make you so too if I could."

Jack never knew how much his earnest words added to Nina's sorrow and humiliation. There was something to her in having a quiet home and loving heart which no new repetition of her secret could chill or destroy. For a minute she had thought it possible to cast aside her love for Cyril Marsh, and accept this life if offered her, and be glad and grateful for this much of peace and comfort after the miserable struggles of the past year. And yet he who loved her so truly that in his heart he could forgive her her sins, and even respect her again, even he could not see that it was right to bring her under the same roof as his sister.

Nina acknowledged the justice of his scruple and

the sacredness of his trust, but never before where she had sought comfort had she found such a miserable answer to her prayer. She had no longer any hope, nor could she feel as if she had any right to the pity and pardon even of the world, because Jack, whose instinct was his sole guide, had not bestowed his forgiveness upon her in unconditional terms. He loved her blindly—he said so—but not so blindly that he would cause Anna, whose name was pure and unstained, to make a sister by law and love of Nina Marsh.

"I know it is my own fault," she said to herself, "but oh! it is so hard to bear. I have looked down upon Anna Dawes a little, perhaps, in times gone by, and now I am forced to hear it said—and that by a man who loves me better than her—that I am not fit for her company—that I might contaminate her. And he was right to say this too—I cannot contradict him. I must even respect him more for this fear. When everything comes out—and I suppose it must some day—he would be sadly blamed if he had allowed us to remain together, knowing my faults. Oh, my God, have pity on me! My strength is falling so short! I have suffered almost as much as I can suffer, and live."

A part of this low, despairing cry passed her lips in words, and went straight, like a sharp arrow, to Jack's honest, loving heart. He bent down again, folded his strong arms about her, and said, earnestly:

"Nina, I am sorry for what I said just now. I will protect you before and against all the world. Do you think you like me well enough to marry me?"

Nina shook her head, and the pent-up tears flowed fast on the broad breast against which she leaned.

"I like you too well to bring shame on you and yours," she said, with a resolute accent Jack recognised as final. "All my future life I shall remember you with affection, and if it can please you to think of me as a sister—one who sinned, suffered and repented—one who tasted of such sorrow and bitterness that her youth was no pleasure to her, and she longed to be old and gray-headed that time might bring to her its blessing of peace—then, Jack, you may believe in your kind, noble heart that I really look upon you as a brother, and that whatever may happen I shall still keep a warm place in my heart for Jack Dawes."

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"And you will not have me, Nina?" asked Jack, still holding her tight, as if he could not let her go. "You know I love you, Nina."

"I know you do, Jack. I could not doubt your affection even if I tried. From the minute you say a thing I feel bound to believe your word."

You may, Miss Nina. I never told a lie—that is to say, a wilful one—in all my life. Here's my home for you, Nina, and if I say it I mean it. Stop with me, try and like me a little, and let that be an end of the matter."

"Jack," I have taken you for a brother," said Nina, sadly and firmly. "I see now that it would be neither right or possible for me to give you any other name."

"You don't love me," said Jack, mournfully; "I might have known you couldn't, such a great, rough, unlettered fellow as I am."

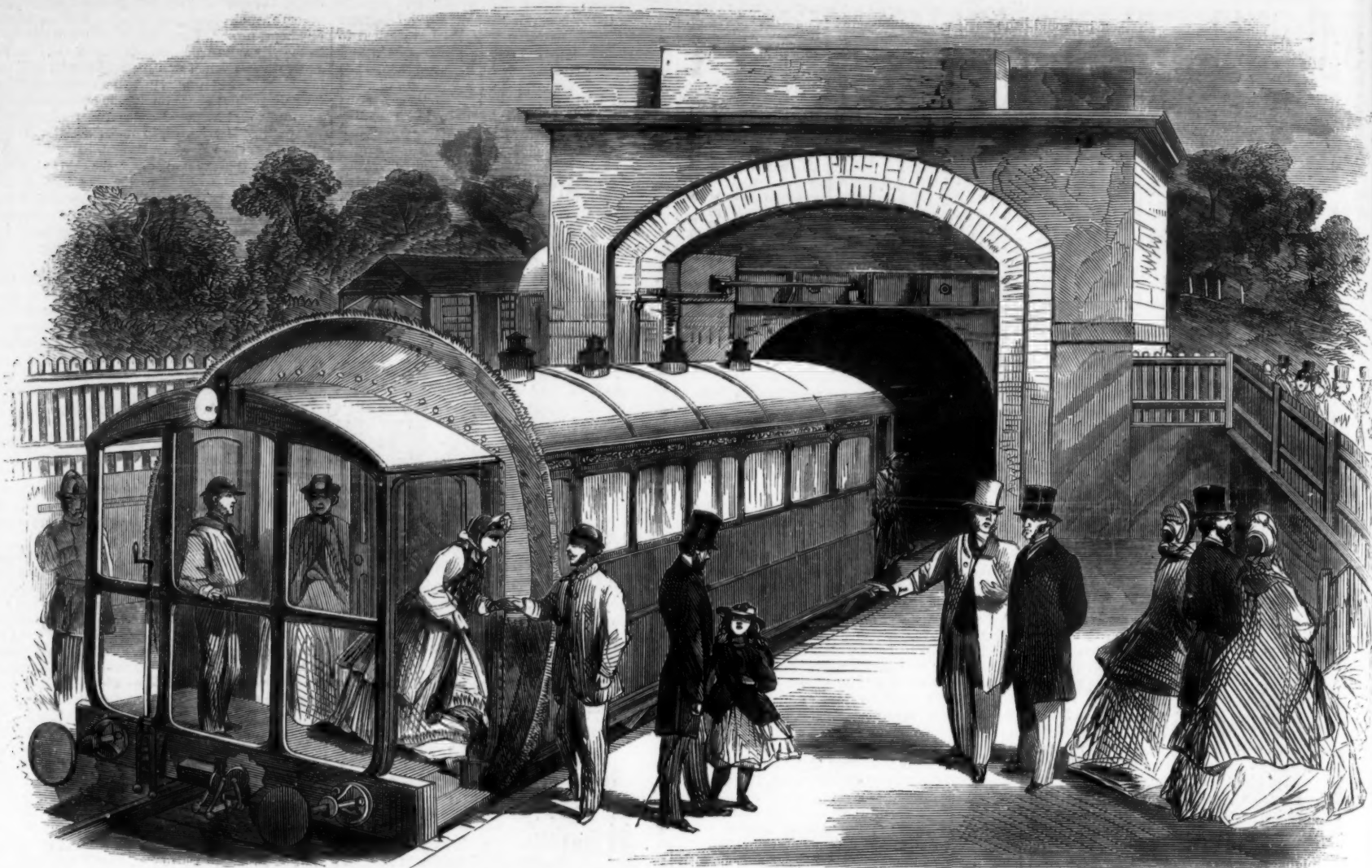
"Yes, Jack," she answered, smiling at him faintly through her tears, "I do love you; I couldn't help it after to-night. I love you as a sister loves a dear, strong, generous brother. I tell you that until the last day of my life I shall never forget you in my prayers. Now touch my hand and let me go, and God ever bless you, brother Jack!"

"God ever bless you, Nina!" he answered, as he pressed his lips reverentially first on one hand and then on the other ere he loosened his grasp.

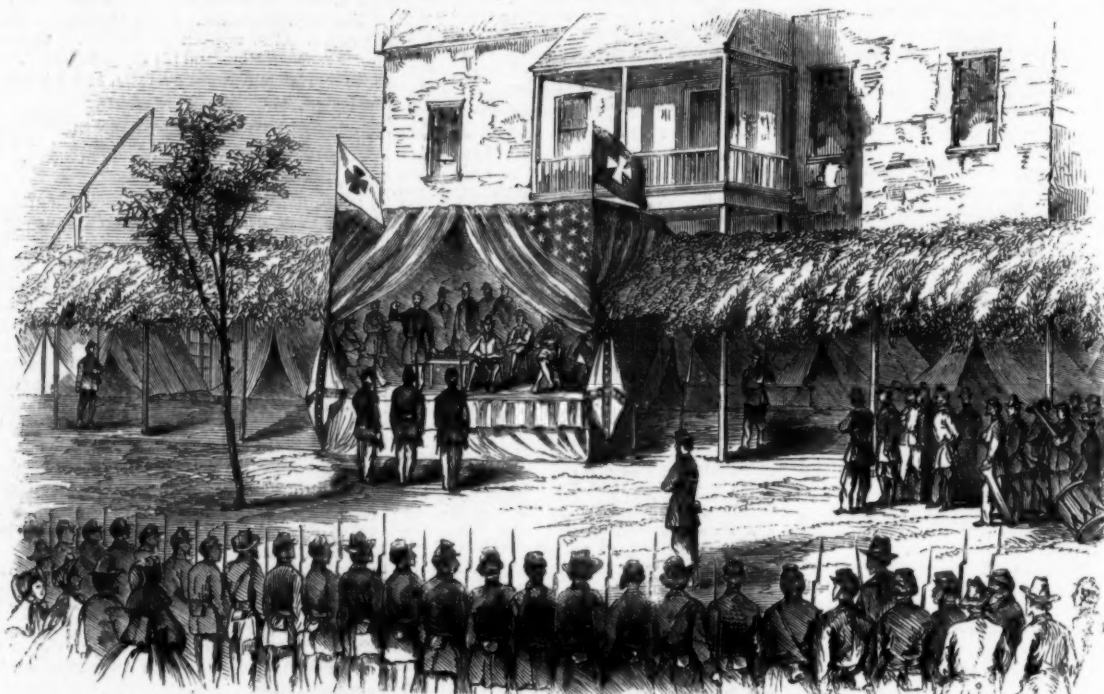
Then Nina slipped away to her own room and pleaded illness, in order that she might not be called down to take her place at the dinner-table. Presently Anna came to her with biscuit and a glass of wine; Jack had sent her, she said. Nina drank the wine, refusing to eat lest she should be choked. Anna watched her compassionately whilst she gulped down the wine, holding the glass unsteadily in her nervous fingers; then she stooped and kissed her, speaking a few gentle words of commiseration.

She believed that Nina had refused Jack, and was grateful to her for it; and now that Nina was no longer dangerous, Anna found it easy and natural to share her brother's admiration for their beautiful guest. But there was a strong feeling in Nina's heart against this caress, because she understood its meaning. Jack's trouble and her visitor's sudden disappearance had appeared to Anna a full explanation of all that had taken place, and her brother's sorrow weighed as nothing against her own sense of relief. Perhaps, after all, Anna was not more selfish than the rest of us; but it seemed so to Nina, remembering how Jack had spoken of sacrificing his love and hope for this sister who could inwardly congratulate herself at his disappointment and misery. She was glad when Anna could be persuaded that talking made her head worse and had gone downstairs. She was still more glad when the next day she crossed the threshold of her own home, and met Captain Marsh's welcoming hand and smile.

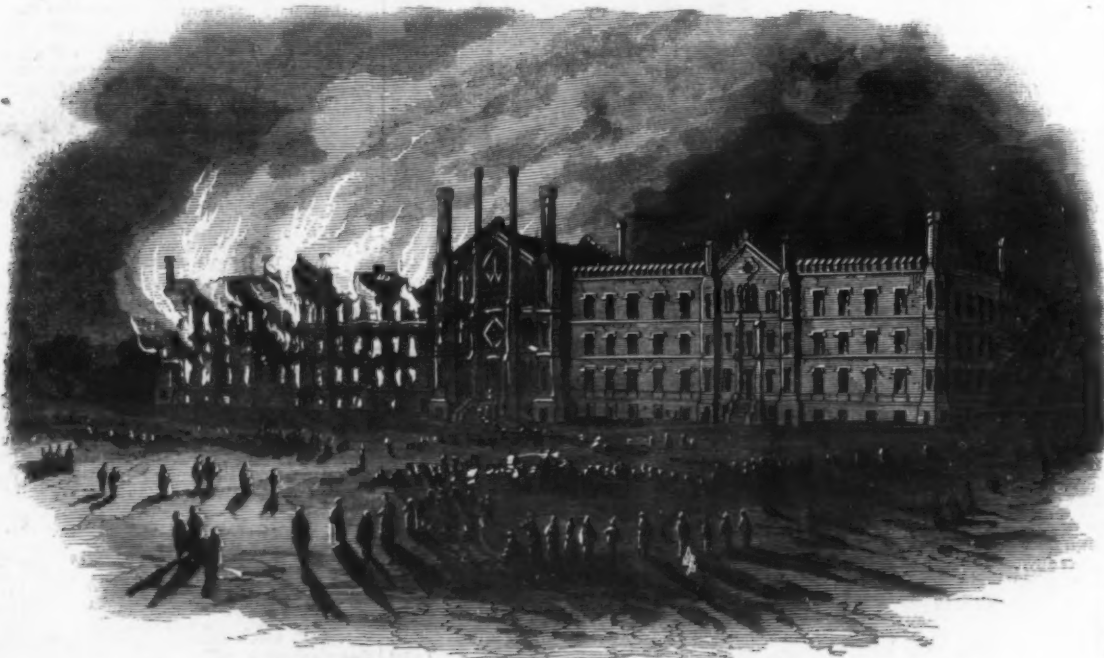
WHAT OUR PARLORS SHOULD BE.—Like Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell) has penned many touchingly beautiful and long-to-be-remembered sayings, but the following is among his latest and best: "Don't keep a solemn parlor, into which you go but once a month, with your parson or sewing society. Hang around your walls pictures, which tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith and charity. Make your living room the largest and most cheerful in the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the lone waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the still homestead may come across the desolation, bringing always light, hope and love. Have no dungeons about your house, no room you never open, no blinds that are always shut."



PNEUMATIC RAILROAD NOW IN OPERATION NEAR THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON, ENGLAND.—TRAIN COMING IN.



PRESENTATION OF MEDALS TO GALLANT SOLDIERS OF THE FIFTH ARMY CORPS, AT GEN. WARREN'S HEADQUARTERS, NEAR SIX-MILE HOUSE, VA., SEPT. 13.—FROM A SKETCH BY D. DOUGLAS FORBES.



DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW YORK STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM, AT BINGHAMTON, BY FIRE, SEPT. 16.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. G. ROWE.

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS TO GALLANT SOLDIERS

Of the Fifth Army Corps, at Six-Mile House, Va., Sept. 13, 1864.

A RECENT Act of Congress authorised rewarding enlisted men by presenting them with medals for deeds of valor performed in the field. The first occasion took place at the headquarters of Gen. Warren's fifth army corps, on Sept. 13.

The spot chosen was Gen. Warren's headquarters, and, although the order for the presentation did not arrive until 11 o'clock, through the exertions of Gen. Warren and his Adjutant-General, Lieut.-Col. Locke, everything was in readiness by half-past three, at which hour Gen. Crawford's division was drawn up in front of headquarters, an impromptu platform erected, which was gaily decked off with flags, among which were the captured rebel flags, bands of music stationed, and everything done to make the occasion one long to be remembered and talked over by those who witnessed it.

At four o'clock Gens. Meade, Warren and Hancock ascended the platform, Gens. Crawford, Ayres, Griffin, Baxter, Hunt and Bragg, with their staffs, standing near, as also a large number of regimental officers.

Gen. Warren, in a loud clear voice, stated the object for which they had met thus together, and called the names of those who were to be honored



THE LATE REV. DR. POTTS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

desiring them to come forward to the platform. First Sergeant Shilling, Company H, 3d regiment of Delaware Volunteers, who captured a South Carolina flag; private F. C. Anderson, Company H, 18th Massachusetts Veteran Volunteers, who captured the flag of the 27th South Carolina, and private George H. Reed, Company E, 11th Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, who captured the flag of the 24th North Carolina, came forward to the platform, and, presenting arms, came to a shoulder.

Major-Gen. Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, then arose, and, during the utmost quiet and most respectful attention, addressed the soldiers.

Upon the conclusion of the address Gen. Warren stepped forward and asked the "boys" to give three hearty cheers to show the General they had a heart to appreciate his kindness, which was done, and they were given with a will that must have acquainted the "Johnnies" with the fact that something unusual was going on. The band struck up "Hail Columbia," the troops were marched off to their quarters, and Gen. Warren invited his guests to partake of a collation, which was not the least agreeable feature of the proceedings.

TO PREVENT GAS EXPLOSIONS.—Everybody should be aware of the fact that coal-gas, mixed with common air, will explode like gunpowder when flame of any kind is brought into it; and that, consequently, there is great danger when gas is suffered to escape from a pipe into an apartment. Although the quantity escaping is so small as to be harmless, it may be discovered by its peculiar smell; but whenever this is perceived, the room should not be entered with a lighted candle without first opening the windows, and thus setting free the imprisoned air destructive to life and property.

PRISON AT ELMIRA FOR SOUTHERN SOLDIERS.

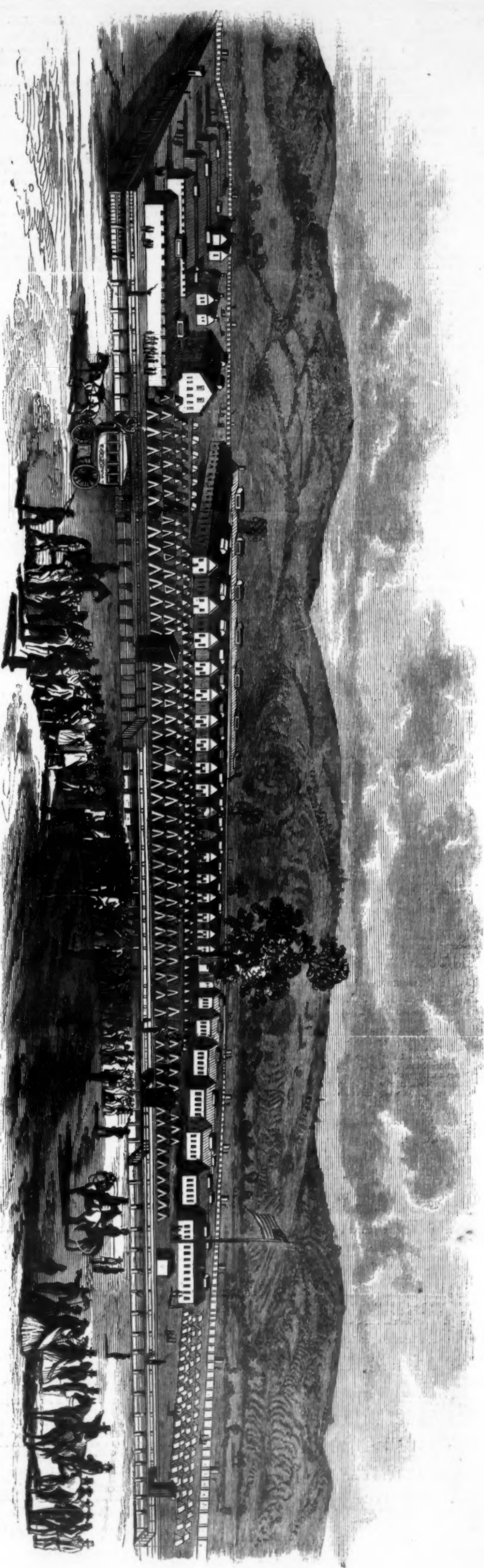
The treatment of our prisoners of war taken by the rebels has been one of the most revolting exhibitions which the world has ever witnessed. England herself, with all her partiality for the South, shudders in horror from the spectacle of such barbarity. We reluctantly gave some months since photographs of returned prisoners. One of the prisoners confined at Anderson, Ga., has attested the truth of the pictures as witnessed by him in thousands of cases at Anderson.

In contrast with this, we give a view of the prison at Elmira, used by our Government for the prisoners captured by us. It is a large and well conducted place of confinement, humanity and not retaliation being our policy.

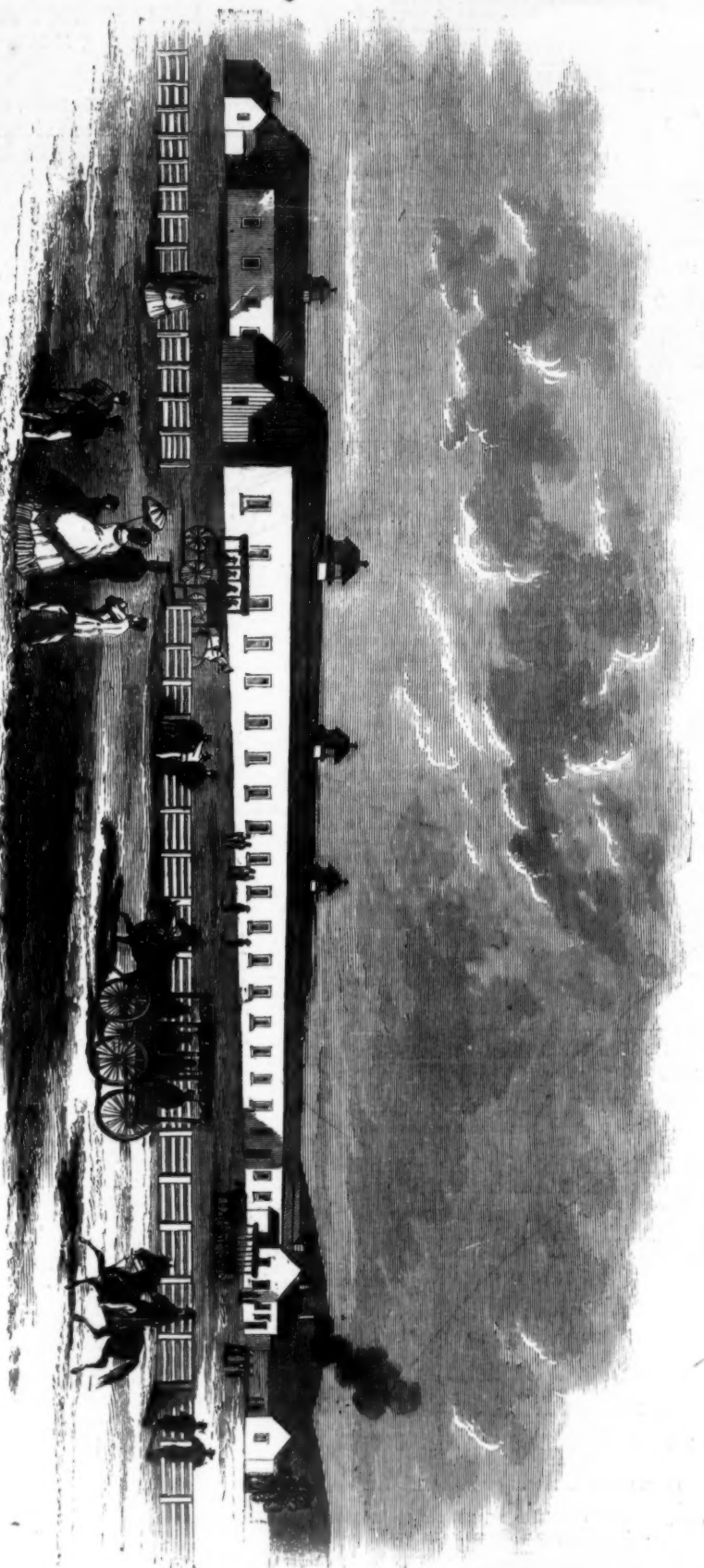
The camp for rebel prisoners at Elmira barracks No. 3, a large and commodious building, was opened July 6, 1864. It is a series of 40 acres, surrounded by a simple board fence some 12 feet in height, guards being stationed on platforms at the top of the fence every 20 or 30 feet. The business of guarding the prisoners is, however, a sinecure. The officers on duty state that the captives evince no disposition to escape. They have no desire to return to the fold of the Southern soldiers. Undoubtedly should single individuals attempt to burrow under the fence, or should a large number make a rush against it, their chance for escape would be very good; but apparently the prisoners would not leave if the fence and guards were entirely removed.

The plot constituting the prison is finely situated on an excellent piece of ground, and is well watered. It is not deprived of a view of external nature; for on one side the pine-clad hills, high up into the air, visible from all parts of the prison. The prisoners are all provided with bunks in the same kind of rough barracks as are used for sheltering our own men at the various places of rendezvous before going into the field. A very large building is appropriated to the culinary department, and is fitted up like the kitchen of a great hotel, with about a dozen ranges, containing boilers, etc., and there is, also, a large oven, where sufficient bread, from good flour, is baked daily. The cooks and bakers, of course, are prisoners.

Nothing is furnished to the prisoners by the Government, except what they can procure for themselves. Their own blankets become too much worn to be serviceable. The whole appearance of the camp is very neat, working parties from among the prisoners being constantly employed in polishing the grounds.



RECEPTION OF REBEL PRISONERS AT THE PRISON, ELMIRA, N. Y.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL AT ELMIRA, N. Y.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

The daily ration is as follows: Pork or bacon, 10 oz. in lieu of fresh beef; or fresh beef, 14 oz.; flour or soft bread, 16 oz.; or hard bread, 14 oz.; or corn meal, 16 oz. To the 100 rations: Beans or peas, 15½ lb.; or rice or hominy, 8 lbs.; apples, 5 lbs.; vinegar, 3 quarts; salt, 5½ lb.; potatoes, 10 lbs.; and tea are issued to the sick and wounded on the recommendation of the surgeon, at the rate of 12 lbs. of sugar, five of ground coffee, or seven of green, or one pound of tea to every 100 rations, every other day. No working parties of prisoners nearly the same ration is given in all respects as to our soldiers in the field.

Notwithstanding the ration for the prisoner is somewhat less than that issued to our own soldiers—and very appropriately so, since they do no hard work—yet, in reality, they get the benefit of the entire ration. For the difference between the prison ration and that of the United States of Prisoners is well considered for the benefit of the prisoners in such ways as the commanding officer may direct. This fund, it will be seen, grows rapidly to a large sum.

These arrangements apply not only to the prison at Elmira, but to all others. The Elmira prison is for private soldiers, and if they live so comfortably, it can be imagined that the officers on Johnson's island, and at other places, who have money of their own for the purchase of little luxuries, must pass their time as agreeably as the conditions of prison existence will permit. How utterly false, therefore, are the statements made from time to time by Jeff Davis, to the world, that Southern prisoners are badly treated, and that the United States Government is cruel and unfeeling to the prisoners of war.

These arrangements are not only for the benefit of the prisoners, but for the benefit of the country. The prisoners are employed in various ways, and their labor is used for the benefit of the country. The prisoners are also employed in various ways, and their labor is used for the benefit of the country.

difference from that of the South to our poor fellows. There medical attendance is seldom given, and when given often with great brutality.

The hospital at Elmira, which we also sketch, is conducted with every care to cleanliness and health, and the treatment given such as many of our Northern poor seldom get.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

If an ugly old woman quarrels with us, it is easy to forgive. If a young and pretty one, to kiss and forgive.

Every man is involuntarily original in at least one thing—his manner of sneezing.

The merchant who measures his goods honestly adopts a wise measure.

The ladies are so vain of their hair that they are proud of getting it into the papers.

MARRIAGEABLE ladies should frequent the theatre before the curtain is drawn up; they would then be sure of an overture.

"I CAN'T say I admire your style of acting," said a landlady to a strolling player, when she caught him stealing the spoons.

DR. FRANKLIN, speaking of education, says: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment of knowledge always pays the best interest."

FOLLOWING Suit—a dandy following the fashion.

The prettiest hood in the world—childhood.

The ruling passion strong in death—a shoemaker breathing his last.

It is generally true that we judge too bitterly and harshly the faults of every office which we do not ourselves hold.

MANY regard themselves as moral, disinterested, truthful and gentle, merely because they innoxiously insist that others shall be so.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.—One of the royal frigates being at anchor on a winter's night, in a tremendous gale, the ground broke, and so the ship began to drive. The lieutenant of the watch ran down to the cabin, awoke the captain from his sleep, and told him that the anchor had come home.

"Well," said the captain, rubbing his eyes, "I think the anchor's perfectly right—who would stop out such a night as this?"

A FEW SIMPLE QUESTIONS.—Did you ever know anything used as a comparison to trembling but an aspen-leaf? Did you ever see the chains which are said occasionally to bind the freeborn mind? Did you ever light your cigar with the flames of love? Was ever your face browned by the sunshine of prosperity? Or, have you been obliged to resort to an umbrella by the dark clouds of adversity? Did you ever see an alabaster brow, an adamant soul, an icy heart, or an iron frame?

In an old paper, printed in New London, nearly a century ago, we find the following on matrimony:

"Oh, matrimony! thou art like To Jeremiah's figs; The good is very good; the bad Too sour to give the pigs. I never dreamed of such a fate, When I a lass was courted— Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chambermaid, chandress, dairy-woman, and scrub generally, doing the work of six, For the sake of being supported."

CARD-TABLE SIGNALS.—"Never," said Theodore Hook, "let man and wife play together at whist. There are always telegraphs; and if they fancy their looks are watched, they can always communicate by words. I found out that I could never win of Smigmag and his wife. I mentioned this one day and was answered: 'No, you never can win of them.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because,' said my friend, 'they have established a code.' 'Dear me!' said I; 'signals by looks?' 'No,' said he, 'by words. If Mrs. Smigmag is to lead, Smigmag says: 'Dear, begin.' Dear begins with 'd,' so does diamonds, and out comes one from the lady. If he has to lead, and she says: 'S, my love,' she wants a spade. 'Harriet, my dear, how long you are sorting your cards,' Mrs. Smigmag stamps down a heart; and a gentle 'Come, my love,' on either side, produces a club."

NOT A FALSEHOOD.—"Do you call them large turnips?"

"Why, yes, they are considerable large." "They may be for turnips, but they are nothing to an onion I saw the other day." "And how large was the onion?" "Oh, a monster; it weighed 40 pounds." "Forty pounds?" "Yes, we took off the layers, and the 16th layer went round a barrel that held four gallons!" "What a whopper!" "You don't mean to say I tell a falsehood?" "Oh, no; what a whopper of an onion, I mean."

AN INVITATION TO DINNER.—It was observed that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him.

"I'll lay a wager," said a wag, "I get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house about the time he was to dine, and tells the servant he must speak with his master immediately, for he can save him a thousand pounds.

"Sir," said the servant to his master, "here is a man in a great hurry to speak with you; he says he can save you a thousand pounds."

Out came the master.

"What is that, sir; you can save me a thousand pounds?"

"Yes sir, I can, but I see you are at dinner: I will go away, and call again."

"Oh, pray, sir, come in and take dinner with me."

"I shall be troublesome."

"Not at all."

The invitation was accepted.

As soon as dinner was over, and the family retired:

"Well sir, said the man of the house, 'now to your business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds?'"

"Well, sir, I hear, sir, you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."

"I have, sir."

"And you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds?"

"I do, sir."

"Why, then, sir, let me have her; and I will take her with nine thousand."

The master of the house arose in a passion, and kicked him out of doors.

GUNTER, the pastrycook, was mounted on a runaway horse with the king's hounds, and excused himself for riding against Lord Alvanley, by saying, "Oh, my lord, I can't hold him, he's so hot!"

"Ice him, Gunter, ice him!" was the consoling rejoinder.

"JEANNIE," said a Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar, "Jeannie, it's a very solemn thing to get married."

"I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it's a great deal solemnier not to."

On account of the number of oil wells in the country, a Western exchange thinks the United States ought to be called Modern Greece!

A BUDGET OF BLUNDERS.

We have all heard of Sir Boyle Roche's blunders. Dickens gives an account of some of those which, happily, are preserved. In one of his speeches he said:

"Sir, I would give up half—nay, the whole of the Constitution, to preserve the remainder."

This, however, was parliamentary.

Hearing that Admiral Howe was in quest of the French, he remarked, somewhat pleasantly, that the Admiral would "sweep the French fleet off the face of the earth."

By-and-bye came dangerous times of disaffection, and honest men's lives were insecure. Sir Boyle writes from the country to a friend in the capital this discouraging view of his position:

"You may judge," he says, "of our state when I tell you that I write this with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other."

On one occasion when the famous letters to the Public Advertiser were attracting universal attention, Sir Boyle was heard to complain bitterly of the attacks of a certain anonymous writer called Junius. He it was who recounted that marvellous performance in gymnastics, when, in a tumult of loyalty, he "stood prostrate at the feet of his sovereign." He it was who denounced in withering language the apostate politician who "turned his back upon himself." He it was who introduced to public notice the ingenious yet particularly confused metaphor of the rat:

"Sir," he said, addressing the Speaker of the Irish House, "I smell a rat. I see him floating in the air; but, mark me, I shall yet nip him in the bud."

There was the famous speech which confounded generations:

"I don't see, Mr. Speaker, why we should put ourselves out of the way to serve posterity. What has ever posterity done for us?"

He was a little disconcerted by the burst of laughter that followed, and proceeded to explain his meaning:

"By posterity, sir, I do not mean our ancestors, but those who come immediately after them."

His invitation to the nobleman on his travels was hospitable and well meant, but equivocal:

"I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house, you'll stay there all night."

He it was who stood for the proper dimensions of the wine bottle, and proposed to Parliament that it should be made compulsory that every "pint bottle should contain a quart."

Very pleasant, and yet perfectly intelligible was his meaning—though it unhappily took the fatal bovine shape—in his rebuke to the shoemaker when getting shoes for his gouty limbs:

"I told you to make one larger than the other, and instead of that you have made one smaller than the other—the opposite."

THE MORSE.—The morse is much larger, uglier and more singular than the seal. The name of the sea elephant would be much more suitable to it. Of the elephant it has the colossal, heavy and ungraceful form, the thick and wrinkled skin, and the characteristic sign, the tusks. From its enormous snout, which is flattened like the face of a lion, dart forth two large teeth of ivory, differing from those of the elephant in curving downward instead of upward; they are also more greenish and porous. The morse is amphibious, and has, like the seal, fins that answer the purpose of hands; with his tusks he fastens himself to the masses of ice and to the rocks when he wants to heave himself out of the water. His size varies from nine to twelve feet. He is covered with a thick layer of fat, which renders him valuable for the Norwegian fishermen. The morse fishery is generally regarded as more productive and less dangerous than the whale fishery. The morse is not ferocious, and does not attack men, but he defends himself with indomitable courage. At Hammerfest last year some fishermen having discovered a young morse in a cavern close to the sea, seized it and threw it into their boat. The father and mother, furious at not finding again their little one, rushed after the boat, and one of them transfixing it with his formidable tusks, made it heel so much that one of the fishermen fell into the sea. The morse darted on him with fury, and it was impossible for the fishermen to save their companion. Besides the oil which the flesh of the morse produces in abundance, the fishermen turn to profit the skin of the animal, with which the traces of vehicles are made, and the ivory of its teeth, which they employ in various manners. The Russians are very skilful as workers in ivory. They fabricate small trinkets, little boxes, carved so as to resemble lace, and especially chains formed of little rings. These chains thus executed in ivory remind us of Chinese workmanship. The most of these productions of art arrive from Siberia, where the prisoners carve the ivory of the morse as the galley-slaves at Toulon do the cocoon shell. These animals are found in great numbers on the southern coast of Spitzbergen; one fishing-boat kills usually 200 or 300 every season.

HIGHLAND LOGIC.—A contractor in the Highlands was waited upon by a deputation from his workers, to request him to make "no a pit o' difference in the wages, but shant a wee shynge in the time for paying." On cross-questioning the deputies, he found they wanted to be paid weekly instead of fortnightly, but they also wanted the fortnight's wages weekly.

"Why, my lads," said the contractor, "you are demanding exactly double wages."

"Hoots, no sir!" said one of the deputies, "it's shunt as more as less as the same wedges, put you must shunt paid us twice as faster as evermore."

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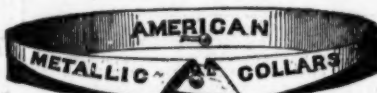
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